★ Aug. 10, 1957

THE NEW YORKER

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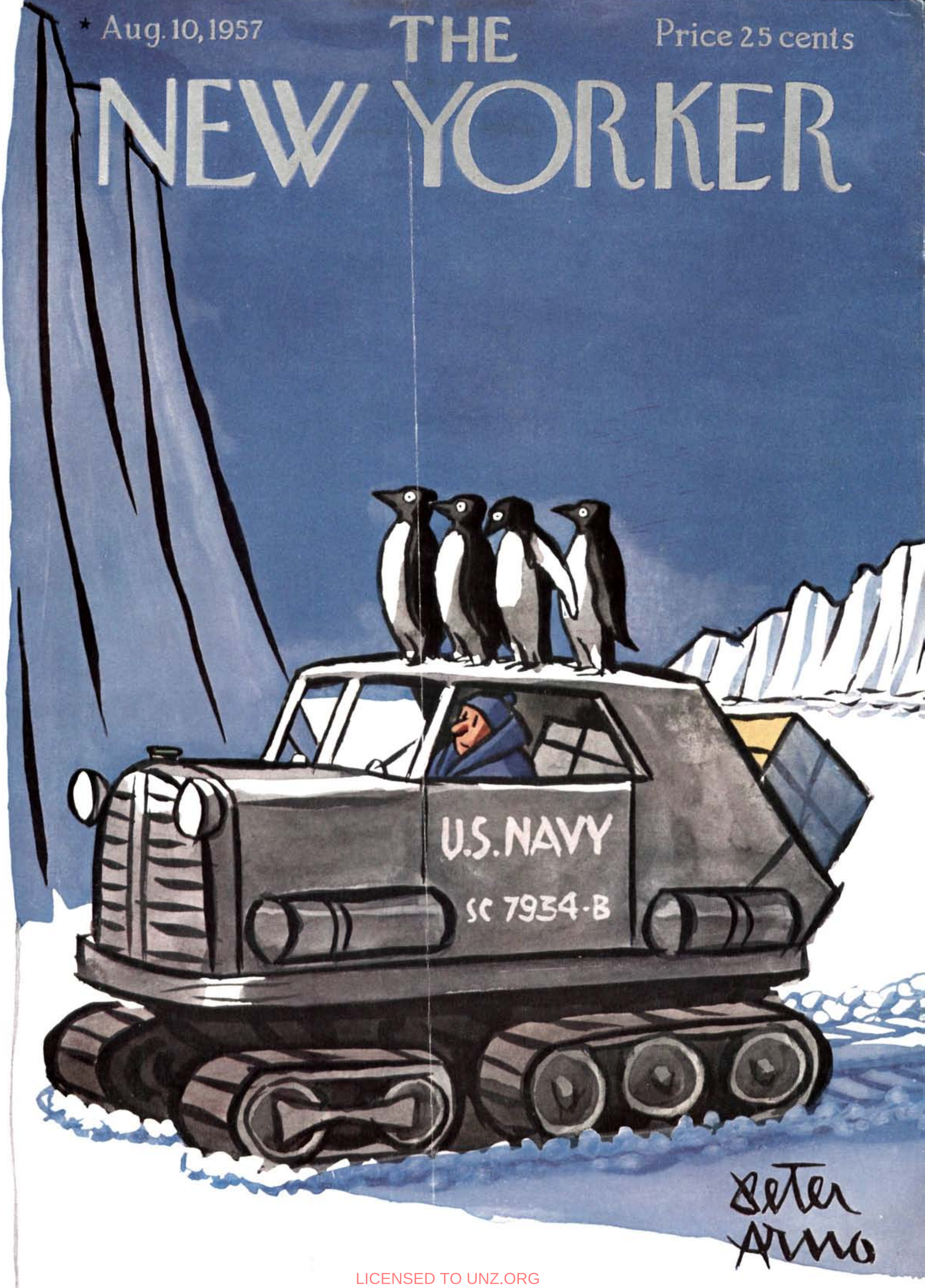
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

Auntie Mame—Anyone who delights in comedies about bizarre relatives will probably like this adaptation, by Jerome Lawrence and Robert E. Lee, of Patrick Dennis's novel. For those who may conceivably find themselves dismayed by so much cuteness, there is always Rosalind Russell, who is enchanting in the title role. The cast includes Polly Rowles, Ann Summers, James Hickman, and Peggy Cass. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Day's Journey Into Night—Reopens Monday, Aug. 19, after a seven-week summer hiatus. Fredric March, Florence Eldridge, Bradford Dillman, and Jason Robards, Jr., will again be in it. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30.)

The Tunnel of Love—Joseph Fields' and Peter De Vries' adaptation of Mr. De Vries' novel about adultery and kindred amusements in Westport. It hasn't a great deal of taste, but it is often quite funny on its low-comedy level. Tom Ewell is excellent as a badgered cartoonist, and Darren McGavin and Elizabeth Wilson assist him very nicely. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

A Visit to a Small Planet—Gore Vidal's fantastic comedy about a Spaceman who drops in on a Virginia household is wonderfully comic and ingenious, and Cyril Ritchard is superlative in the leading role. Philip Coolidge, Sarah Marshall, Conrad Janis, Sibyl Bowan, and Edward Andrews are also in the cast, which Mr. Ritchard directed. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Long Runs—**NO TIME FOR SERGEANTS:** All about a Georgia boy who almost wrecks the Air Force. At present, with Charles Hohman, Rex Everhart, Royal Beal, Howard Freeman, and Tucker Ashworth. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

MUSICALS

Bells Are Ringing—Judy Holliday is an inspiration to us all in this comedy about a telephone-service answerer who takes her work seriously. Betty Comden and Adolph Green are responsible for the rather thickly plotted book and the generally commendable lyrics, and Jule Styne did the score. Sydney Chaplin is featured in a cast that also includes Jean Stapleton, Eddie Lawrence, and Dort Clark. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Happy Hunting—The return of Ethel Merman is just about all the welcome news there is concerning this big and rather foolish show, which has something to do with Philadelphia and Monaco. Howard Lindsay and Russel Crouse ground out the book, and Matt Dubey and Harold Karr did the songs. The supporting cast includes Fernando Lamas, Jan Norris, and Gordon Polk. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Li'l Abner—Some lively songs and some fine dances do a lot to make this adaptation of the Al Capp comic strip at least intermittently good fun. The book is the work of Norman Panama and Melvin Frank, and Johnny Mercer and Gene de Paul wrote the lyrics and the music, respectively. With Edith Adams, Peter Palmer, Howard St. John, Stubby Kaye, and Charlotte Rae. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

270
C. NEUWIRTH

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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New Girl in Town—George Abbott's rearrangement of "Anna Christie" has its entertaining moments, though they have little connection with anything O'Neill ever wrote. Bob Merrill turned out the generally excellent songs, and Gwen Verdon and Thelma Ritter are enormously winning at the head of a cast that features George Wallace and Cameron Prud'homme. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**DAMN YANKEES:** George Abbott's and Douglass Wallop's adaptation of the latter's novel "The Year the Yankees Lost the Pennant." At present, Devra Korwin is the lady from Hell, Howard Caine her sinister boss, and Allen Case her reluctant mortal admirer. (Adelphi, 54th St., E. JU 6-3787. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **THE MOST HAPPY FELLA:** Frank Loesser's revision of "They Knew What They Wanted," Sidney Howard's piece about an old man's marriage to a young girl. Robert Weede (Richard Torigi substitutes for him at the matinée performances), Jo Sullivan, Art Lund, and Helon Blount are in the cast. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **MY FAIR LADY:** Shaw's "Pygmalion," turned into a musical by Alan Jay Lerner, who wrote the book and lyrics, and Frederick Loewe, who wrote the music. Edward Mulhare (temporarily) and Julie Andrews head a cast that includes Viola Roache and Reginald Denny. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

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OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is generally advisable.)

Actors Playhouse—Charles Aidman in "Career," a play by James Lee. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. OR 5-1036. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 6:30 and 9:30; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

Amato Opera Theatre—Through Sunday, Aug. 18: "Die Fledermaus," in English. (Amato Opera Theatre, 159 Bleecker St. GR 7-2844. Fridays through Sundays at 8:15. Admission is free, but seats should be reserved in advance.)

Cherry Lane Theatre—Sean O'Casey's comedy "Purple Dust," with Humphrey Davis, Roger Boxill, and Patricia Peardon. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. CH 2-4468. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 6:40 and 9:40; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

Circle in the Square—Leo Penn and Farrell Pelly in a revival of Eugene O'Neill's "The Iceman Cometh," directed by José Quintero. (Circle in the Square, 5 Sheridan Sq. OR 5-9437. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30.)

Downtown Theatre—George Bernard Shaw's "In Good King Charles's Golden Days." (Downtown Theatre, 85 E. 4th St. GR 3-4412. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

Renata Theatre—Leon Janney and Frances Sternhagen in "The Country Wife," William Wycherley's Restoration farce. (Renata Theatre, 144 Bleecker St. OR 4-3210. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Sundays at 2:40.)

Theatre de Lys—Kurt Weill's "The Threepenny Opera," with an English libretto by Marc Blitzstein. In the cast are Katherine Sergava, Scott Merrill, and Pert Kelton. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

Theatre East—The Irish Players in three one-act plays by J. M. Synge—"In the Shadow of the Glen," "The Tinker's Wedding," and "Riders to the Sea." (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. TE 8-8930. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:15; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

MISCELLANY

Theatre Under the Stars—"Jazz Under the Stars," a concert by the Hi-Lo's, Maynard Ferguson's orchestra, Chris Connor, Stan Getz's quartet, Gerry Mulligan's quartet, the Modern Jazz Quartet, and a number of others. (Wollman Memorial Theatre, Central Park. LE 5-7373. Nightly at 8:30. Through Sunday, Aug. 11.)

New York Summer Shakespeare Festival—Free performances presented on a trailer truck converted into an Elizabethan stage. Through Friday, Aug. 9: "Two Gentlemen of Verona," with Robert Blackburn, Paul Stevens, Peggy Bennion, and Anne Meara. . . . ¶ Starting Thursday, Aug. 15: "Macbeth," with Colleen Dewhurst, Roy Poole, and John McLiam. (Belvedere Tower, Central Park at about 81st St. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30.)

Jones Beach Marine Theatre—Guy Lombardo's water-borne revival of "Show Boat," with Andy Devine, Helena Bliss, David Atkinson, and the Lombardo orchestra. (Nightly at 8:30. For tickets, call CI 7-7992.)

THE SUMMER CIRCUIT

(A more or less arbitrary listing of summer theatres and their program schedules. Dates and billings are subject to frequent revision.)

Andover—Through Saturday, Aug. 10: John Ireland in "Petticoat Fever." Monday

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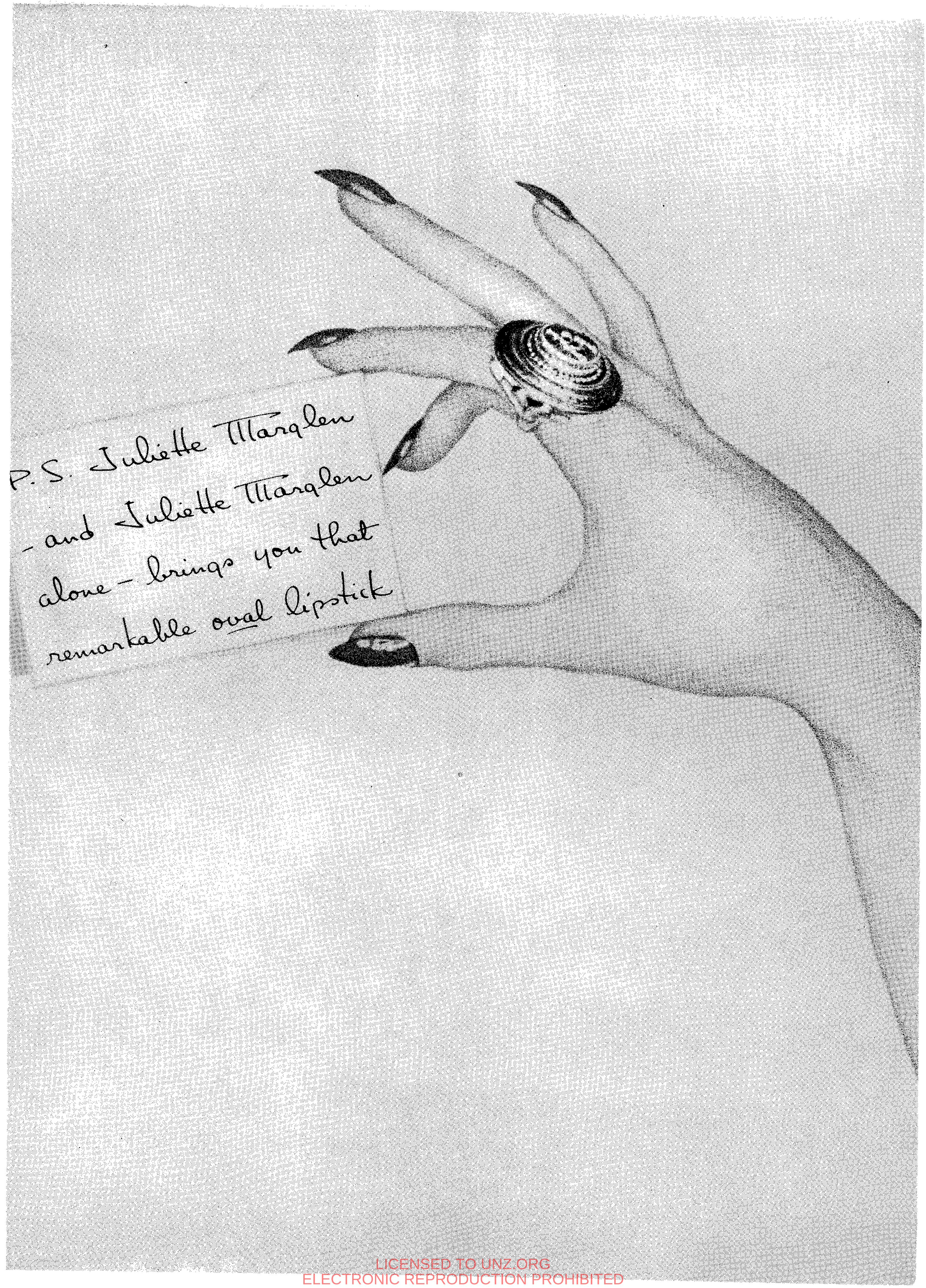
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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through Saturday, Aug. 12-17: Joan Bennett and Donald Cook in "Janus." (Grist Mill Playhouse, Andover, N.J. Mondays through Fridays at 8:40, and Saturdays at 6 and 9. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:40.)

Beverly—Through Saturday, Aug. 10: "Silk Stockings." Starting Monday, Aug. 12: "The Pajama Game." (North Shore Music-Theatre, Beverly, Mass. Mondays through Fridays at 8:30, and Saturdays at 5 and 9.)

Clinton—Through Sunday, Aug. 11: "The Teahouse of the August Moon." Tuesday through Sunday, Aug. 13-18: "Inherit the Wind." (Clinton Playhouse, Clinton, Conn. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Cohasset—Through Saturday, Aug. 10: "The Boy Friend." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 12-17: "Brigadoon." (South Shore Music Circus, Cohasset, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30.)

Cragsmoor—Through Monday, Aug. 12: "See How They Run!" Wednesday through Monday, Aug. 14-19: "The Reluctant Debutante." (Cragsmoor Playhouse, Cragsmoor, N.Y. Nightly, except Tuesdays, at 8:15. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Dennis—Through Saturday, Aug. 10: Ruth Hussey in "The Desk Set." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 12-17: Viveca Lindfors and Cathleen Nesbitt in "The Chalk Garden." (Cape Playhouse, Dennis, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Thursdays at 2:30.

East Hampton—Through Saturday, Aug. 10: Scott McKay and Meg Mundy in "No Laughing Matter," a new play. Monday through Saturday, Aug. 12-17: Orson Bean in "Simon and Laura," a new play. (John Drew Theatre, East Hampton, L.I. Mondays through Fridays, and Saturday, Aug. 10, at 8:40. Saturday, Aug. 17, at 6 and 9. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:40. For tickets, call CI 7-1381.)

Falmouth—Through Saturday, Aug. 10: Jan Sterling and Jerome Cowan in "Here Today!" Monday through Saturday, Aug. 12-17: Basil Rathbone in "Witness for the Prosecution." (Falmouth Playhouse, Falmouth, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Fridays at 2:30.)

Fishkill—Through Sunday, Aug. 11: "Saddle Tramps," a new play. Tuesday through Sunday, Aug. 13-18: "A Hatful of Rain." (Cecilwood Theatre, Fishkill, N.Y. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Thurdays at 2:30.)

Fitchburg—Through Sunday, Aug. 11: "Janus." Tuesday through Sunday, Aug. 13-18: Henry Morgan in "Father of the Bride." (Lake Whalom Playhouse, Fitchburg, Mass. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30.)

Hyannis—Through Saturday, Aug. 10: "Can-Can." Starting Monday, Aug. 12: "South Pacific." (Cape Cod Melody Tent, Hyannis, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays at 2:30.)

Hyde Park—Through Saturday, Aug. 10: Fay Bainter in "Fever for Life," a new play. Monday through Saturday, Aug. 12-17: Buster Keaton in "Merton of the Movies." (Hyde Park Playhouse, Hyde Park, N.Y. Mondays through Fridays at 8:30, and Saturdays at 6 and 9.)

Ivoryton—Through Sunday, Aug. 11: Art Carney in "Harvey." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 12-17: Gertrude Berg in "The Matchmaker." (Ivoryton Playhouse, Ivoryton, Conn. Nightly at 8:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Kennebunkport—Through Saturday, Aug. 10: "The Bartered Bride." Wednesday through Saturday, Aug. 14-17: "The Vagabond King." (Arundel Opera Theatre, Kennebunkport, Maine. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30.)

Lambertville—Through Sunday, Aug. 11: "South Pacific." Starting Tuesday, Aug. 13: Dick Button in "On the Town." (Lambertville Music Circus, Lambertville, N.J. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 6 and 9:30; and Sundays at 8.)

Mahopac—Through Sunday, Aug. 11: "High Button Shoes." Tuesday through Sunday, Aug. 13-18: "On the Town." (Putnam Musical Theatre, Mahopac, N.Y. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:40; Fridays at 9; Saturdays at 6:15 and 9:30; and Sundays at 8.)

Matunuck—Through Saturday, Aug. 10: Dorothy Lamour and Robert Alda in "Roger the Sixth," a new comedy. Monday through Saturday, Aug. 12-17: Ruth Hussey in "The Desk Set." (Theatre-by-the-Sea, Matunuck, R.I. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Millburn—Through Sunday, Aug. 11: "The Pajama Game." Starting Tuesday, Aug. 13: Ruth Chatterton and Arthur Treacher in "The Reluctant Debutante." (Paper Mill Playhouse, Millburn, N.J. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 8. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Monmouth—The American Savoyards in a ten-week repertory. Through Saturday, Aug. 10: "H.M.S. Pinafore." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 12-17: "Ruddigore." (Gilbert and Sullivan Festival Theatre, Monmouth, Maine. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Mountainhome—Through Saturday, Aug. 10: Viveca Lindfors and Cathleen Nesbitt in "The Chalk Garden." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 12-17: Carol Stone in "Janus." (Pocono Playhouse, Mountainhome, Pa. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Mount Kisco—Through Sunday, Aug. 11 (final performances of the season): "Witness for the Prosecution." (Westchester Playhouse, Mount Kisco, N.Y. Thursday through Saturday at 8:40, and Sunday at 7:30.)

New Hope—Through Saturday, Aug. 10: Julia Meade and Gene Rayburn in "The Love of Four Colonels." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 12-17: Frances Farmer in "The Chalk Garden." (Bucks County Playhouse, New Hope, Pa. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Ogunquit—Through Saturday, Aug. 10: "The Boy Friend." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 12-17: Ed Begley in "Inherit the Wind." (Ogunquit Playhouse, Ogunquit, Maine. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Fridays at 2:45.)

Pawling—Through Sunday, Aug. 11: "Speaking of Murder." Tuesday through Sunday, Aug. 13-18: "The Pursuit of Happiness." (Starlight Theatre, Pawling, N.Y. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30.)

Peterborough—Through Saturday, Aug. 10: "The Fourposter." Starting Wednesday, Aug. 14: "The Devil and Daniel Webster." (Peterborough Players, Peterborough, N.H. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:40.)

Rye—Through Sunday, Aug. 18: "The Pajama Game." (Music Theatre, Rye, N.Y. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 5:30 and 9.)

Saratoga Springs—Through Saturday, Aug. 10: Lillian Roth in "The Primrose Path." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 12-17: "The Boy Friend." (Spa Summer Theatre, Saratoga Springs, N.Y. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Skowhegan—Through Saturday, Aug. 10: Basil Rathbone in "Witness for the Prosecution." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 12-17: Jan Sterling and Jerome Cowan in "Here Today!" (Lakewood Theatre, Skowhegan, Maine. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:15. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Stockbridge—Through Saturday, Aug. 10: "The Potting Shed." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 12-17: "King of Hearts." (Berkshire Playhouse, Stockbridge, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

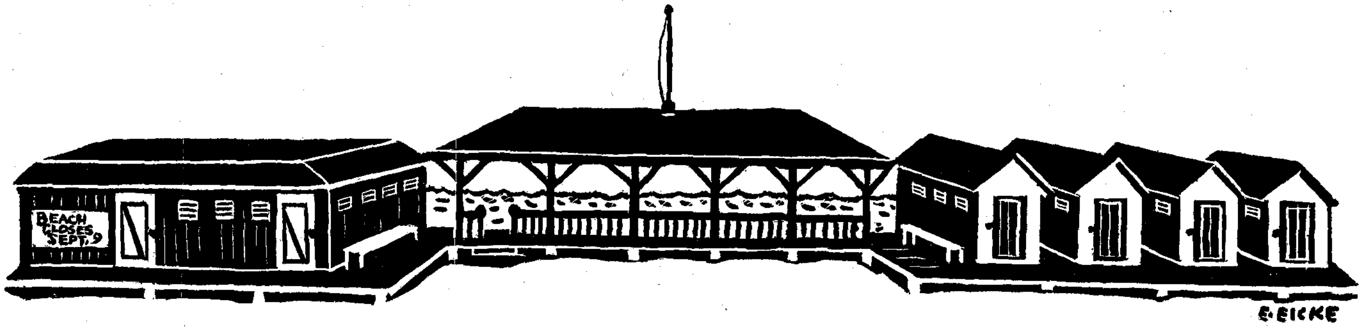
Stratford—"Othello," with Alfred Drake, Earle Hyman, and Jacqueline Brookes: Thursday evening, Aug. 8; Saturday matinée, Aug. 10; Tuesday evening, Aug. 13; and Saturday evening, Aug. 17. . . . ¶ "Much Ado About Nothing," with Katharine Hepburn and Alfred Drake: Friday and Saturday evenings, Aug. 9-10, and Wednesday through Friday evenings, Aug. 14-16. . . . ¶ "The Merchant of Venice," with Katharine Hepburn and Morris Carnovsky: Sunday matinée, Aug. 11; Wednesday matinée, Aug. 14; and Saturday matinée, Aug. 17. (American Shakespeare Festival Theatre, Stratford, Conn. Evenings at 8:30. Matinées at 3. The New York Pro Musica will present a program of Italian Renaissance music on Monday, Aug. 12, at 8:40. For tickets, call WA 5-1378.)

Wallingford—Through Saturday, Aug. 10: Anne Jeffreys and Bob Sterling in "Anniversary Waltz." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 12-17: Walter Slezak in "My 3 Angels." (Oakdale Musical Theatre, Wallingford, Conn. Mondays through Fridays at 8:30, and Saturdays at 5 and 9:30.)

Westbury—Through Sunday, Aug. 18: Jane Morgan and David Brooks in "Can-Can." (Westbury Music Fair, Westbury, L.I. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 6 and 9:30; and Sundays at 8.)

Westport—Through Saturday, Aug. 10: Joan Bennett and Donald Cook in "Janus." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 12-17: Fay Bainter in "Fever for Life," a new play. (Westport Country Playhouse, Westport, Conn. Mondays through Fridays at 8:40, and Saturdays at 6 and 9. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30. For tickets, call CO 5-6179.)

Woodstock—Through Sunday, Aug. 11: "Janus." Tuesday through Sunday, Aug. 13-18: "Witness for the Prosecution." (Woodstock Playhouse, Woodstock, N.Y. Tuesdays



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through Saturdays at 8:40, and Sundays at 7:30.)

Note—Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival: The twenty-fifth season of ballet and modern and ethnic dancing. Through Saturday, Aug. 10: Myra Kinch and her company, with Ted Shawn. Friday and Saturday, Aug. 16-17: The Miami Civic Ballet, Ruth St. Denis, and Antonia Morales. (Lee, Mass. Thursday, Aug. 8, at 4, and Fridays and Saturdays at 4 and 9. For tickets, call PE 6-6400.) . . . **American Dance Festival:** Thursday, Aug. 15, at 8:30: José Limón and his company, with Pauline Koner. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 16, at 8:30: José Limón and his company, the Henry Street Playhouse Dance Company, and Daniel Nagrin. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 17, at 3: The Doris Humphrey Repertory Group (with Lola Huth and Glen Tetley), Pauline Koner, Daniel Nagrin, and the Henry Street Playhouse Dance Company. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 17, at 8:30: José Limón and his company, with Pauline Koner. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 18, at 3: Dore Hoyer, the Mary Anthony Dance Theatre, Ruth Currier, José Limón and his company, and Pauline Koner. (Palmer Auditorium, Connecticut College, New London, Conn.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

El Morocco, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—The entertainment here, though unquestionably professional, is not supplied by the house. Freddy Alonso's Latin band and Joe D'Orsi's orchestra buzz like mad, hour after hour. Closed Saturdays and Sundays.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—The Cotillion Room—where the dance band, headed by Joseph Sudy, and the rumba group, headed by Alan Logan, allow no awkward silences—will shut down for the rest of the summer on Saturday, Aug. 10. . . . ¶ Stanley Worth's quartet, or a reasonable facsimile, will keep right on humming music for cocktail, dinner, and supper dancing every evening in the Café Pierre, a fairly de-luxe operation, where also, except Sundays, Renato Rossini plucks a guitar that speaks of love more eloquently than words.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—The Rendez-Vous, a perfect setting for affairs of state, has Maximillian Bergere's and Gunnar Hansen's orchestras after eight-thirty. Closed Sundays.

Roosevelt, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—Eddie Lane's dance orchestra is the summer replacement in the big old Grill, where it's on duty at dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.

St. Regis Roof, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Under this section of the vault of heaven, the only clouds are pink ones, and a nice match for the pretty girls in their summer dresses. Dancing to the bands of Milt Shaw and Ray Bari is, of course, a permanent fixture. Closed Sundays.

Savoy-Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—Seven days a week, Irving Conn's cohorts play in the Café Lounge for dinner and supper, not to mention tea, dancing.

Tavern-on-the-Green, Central Park W. at 67th St. (SC 4-8100)—In what is left of our mountain greenery, and all open to the sky on rainless nights, there's dance music from dinnertime through supper by a couple of small bands—one Latin and one Manhattan.

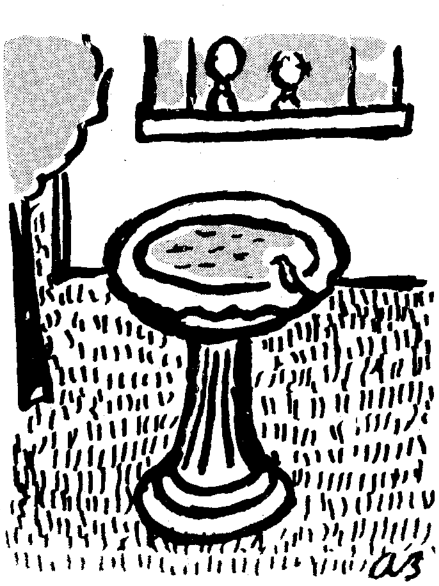
Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Saturday, Aug. 10, is the final night on the luxurious Starlight Roof for Lionel Hampton's vast band, which sometimes plays music and sometimes just skips rope, as well as for Diahann Carroll, a beautiful (in every sense) troupial with a slight case of over-orchestration. The shop will be closed Sunday, as usual, and on Monday, Aug. 12, it will be pried open by Count Basie's band, another mighty horde. A gypsy orchestra, which goes with the lease, will keep on making dance music. . . . ¶ In a cozy clearing in the tangled thicket of Peacock Alley, there's dance music by Jozsi Ribari's trio from eight until one. They're away Sundays, when the Roof's gypsies do the job from eight to twelve.

Note—The Rainbow Room, a chalet that stands well above the smog line, is open for cocktails from four-thirty to nine. Languid non-dance music bubbles up now and then, along with a handful of canapés. The address: 30 Rockefeller Plaza. The phone: CI 6-5800. Closed Sundays.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

Drake Room, 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): At the moment, the piano in this shady nook is operated by Joel Forbes, who's on point duty during cocktails, dinner, and after the theatre. Paul Morse is the Sunday handyman. . . . **Little Club,** 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-9425): The only race-track clubhouse that's open all year. At one end of it, Kurt Maier plays piano the evening long. Closed Mondays. . . . **Goldie's New York,** 232 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): Mostly old friends well met for a bite to eat, a bit of news, and a bunch of piano. Goldie Hawkins serves the two latter commodities in his hustle-and-bustle fashion; more sentimental keyboard études are supplied by his alter ego, Bill Taylor. The music often begins at six, and where it stops, nobody knows. Closed Fridays through Sundays. . . . **Monsignore,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): A my-compliments-to-the-chef deal, which involves a gala holiday for strings (the violin choir of Teo Fanidi). Its midyear vacation will begin at the close of business on Saturday, Aug. 10. . . . **Weylin,** 40 E. 54th St. (PL 3-4907): Cy Walter, the father superior of the entire congeries of drawing-room pianists, puts on a brilliant exhibition of his ten-finger specialties in this fashionable watering place from five-thirty to eight and again from ten to one-thirty or so. Closed Sundays. . . . **RSVP,** 145 E. 55th St. (EL 5-0250): The return to circulation of Mabel Mercer, a diva of vast aplomb, setting forth in the best of songs her rueful conviction that love conquers all. She's a supper-hour delight, but there's piano from the cocktail hour on, some of it by Sam Hamilton, her faithful amanuensis, some of it by Don Evans, a true architect who works in ivory. Closed Sundays. . . . **Gatsby's,** 873 First Ave., at 49th St. (PL 5-1067): Fancy-free landscapers have had their way with this small but elaborate inn, where Fred Witmer plays piano at dinner and supper. Closed Sundays. . . . **Château Henri IV,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): King Arthur's knights slept here. Now it's a refectory in which Norbert Faconi and his come-fly-with-me violin make sweet music together, from dinner through supper, every night but Sunday. . . . **Left Bank,** 309 W. 50th St. (CO 5-8956): As of nine, it becomes a focal point for those for whom every night is their night out. The principal objets d'art are the floor-to-ceiling gallery of oils, the songs and piano of Hubbell Pierce (like the portraits, often tongue-in-cheek), and the sparking of Lee Evans' trio, which has Denzil Best at the drums. Closed Sundays. . . . **El Chico,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): Spaniards going exuberantly native, which makes for some pretty fair song and dance. Dancing for the visitors, as well. Closed Sundays through Tuesdays. . . . **Casanova,** 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (TR 9-8113): Boudoir décor, French cuisine, and an air of ease, to say nothing of wandering minstrels whose music is all valentines, plus the after-dinner songs of some lady-in-waiting or other. Closed Sundays. . . . **Chardas,** 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): The blue Danube flows as gently as the sweet Afton through neat and largely sedate surroundings. The instrumentation runs to violins and soprano, the nourishment to Vienna. Dancing. Closed Mondays. . . . **Waverly Lounge,** 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Laurie Brewis, whose file case bulges with good old show tunes, is at the piano after nine in the faintly rumpled bar of the Hotel Earle. No music Mondays. . . . **Champagne Gallery,** 135 Macdougal St. (GR 7-9221): A not too public and not too formal lounge, where there's always a spate of casual piano.



SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

Blue Angel, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): The kingpin (or queenpin) is Mae Barnes, who, with fire in her eyes and the bit in her teeth, shows how to hang, draw, and quarter a popular song. Other amusements are Carol Burnett, a fresh face (and a very fresh tongue) from television, the bourn whence almost no traveller returns; T. C. Jones, whose transvestite burlesques of the upper-crust ladies of Hollywood amounts to Malice in Wonderland; and a brand-new invention—Bob Ritterbush, whose vivid chanteys would be thoroughly at home on the range. Jimmy Lyons' progressive trio and the piano of Bart Howard and Otis Clements provide a comfortable cushion for all concerned. . . . ¶ Except on Sundays, Alex Fogarty has his cocktail and dinner piano sessions in the lounge, where every night except Saturday and Monday, from 2 to 4 A.M., there's a session by the Lyonses, too. . . . **Upstairs at the Downstairs,** Sixth Ave. at 51st St. (CI 5-9465): As it was in Paris, so it is here—Blossom Dearie and Annie Ross, two little girls for whose far from idle hands the Devil has found plenty of mischief, once more collaborating on some lighthearted, not to say lightheaded, ballads. The *régisseur* of this little Bohemia is Julius Monk, who is assisted in the music-making by Francy Boland and Eddie De Hass, who sound nice and cool these hot nights. Closed Sundays. . . . **Bon Soir,** 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): Anita Ellis, a lark almost at heaven's gate, is not above a trifle of maidenly jazz singing, too. Her compeers are Charlie Manna, who is skilled enough to extract merriment from the most impractical jokes; Jimmie Daniels, articulator of lush-life lyrics; and the Three Flames, headed by Tiger Haynes, a group of musicians without let or hindrance. Closed Mondays. . . . **One Fifth Avenue,** Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (SP 7-7000): In the bar, where the twin pianos of Bob Downey and Harold Fonville have been rumbling these many years, there are also Clara Cedrone and Damian Mitchell, who rarely have a serious moment. Both are off Sundays, when old movies are added.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

Eddie Condon's, 47 W. 3rd St. (GR 5-8639): Wild Bill Davison, Cutty Cutshall, Gene Schroeder, Bob Wilber, George Wettling, Leonard Gaskin, and Mr. Condon comprise the local varsity, which has now had an eleven-year winning streak without even a tie. Cliff Jackson is the interlude pianist. Jam sessions Tuesdays. The prevailing winds, as customary, are from the South. Closed Sundays. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD,** 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Comes now an alive young man with a horn, Ruby Braff, and in his wake such pleasures as Pee Wee Russell, Steve Jordan, and Walter Paige. His sextet alternates with the trio of Jean Hoffman, girl of the Golden West and an electric pianist (she plays one, that is). On Sundays at 4:30 P.M., a jazz concert by the incumbent musicians, as well as an evening seminar. The room is closed Mondays. . . . **THE EMBERS,** 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): A semblance of law and order has been reestablished in this picnic area by the arrival of George Shearing's flights-of-fancy quintet and Jack Kelly's workmanlike trio; i.e., there is once again music to listen to, not outtalk. Sundays, when these hired hands are off, the floor is held by other practitioners. There's cocktail and dinner piano every night, too. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 53 W. 52nd St. (JU 6-9800): Wilbur and Sidney de Paris, eyewitnesses to the birth of the blues, are still being their steadfast American Primitive selves, along with Omer Simeon, Lee Blair, Benny Moten, Sonny White, and Wilbur Kirk. Don Frye is the intermission pianist. Closed Sundays; jam sessions Monday nights. . . . **THE COMPOSER,** 68 W. 58th St. (PL 9-6683): In the back room, music of today, tomorrow, and the day after is made practically at your table by the trios of two valuable imports—England's Marian McPartland and France's Bernard Peiffer, both of them deft hands at a piano. The Peiffers are off duty on Sundays, the McPartlands on Mondays. Johnny Mehegan, the Juilliard stalwart, is the piano abstractionist from six to nine in the evening, except Sundays and Mondays, when he is there all night, and Saturdays, when he is off. . . . **BIRDLAND,** 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-7333): The prevailing idea is "What's new?" Johnny Smith's quartet, Mathew Gee's group of musicians, and Morgana King, who sings, are telling all they know; as of Thursday, Aug. 15, the hearings will be conducted by Bud Powell's trio and Johnny Richards' orchestra. There are jam sessions Mondays, when the regulars are home in the clouds. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE,** 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Billy Taylor, the very model of a modern major and minor chord-maker, takes himself and his trio away from the oval bar on Sunday, Aug. 11. On Tuesday, Aug. 13, Toshiko Akiyoshi, the fascinating Japanese jazz pianist who's been hiding her light under a bushel basket (Boston) for much too long, will make her night-life début there. She has a trio, too. Absolute silence on Mondays. . . . **LOWER BASIN STREET,** 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. (WA 4-6060): The management of the lamented Basin Street in a new smokehouse, doing business (the shape of things to come) as usual, such as the often brooding Stan Getz quartet and the cool and melancholy Mitchell-Ruff duo, which is dominated by a captivating French horn. Closed Mondays. . . . **BOURBON STREET,** 330 E. 56th St. (EL 5-8865): The name of the most recent entry in New York's apparently permanent jazz festival indicates the mood of the music on display, though the stuff comes from San Francisco instead of New Orleans, being the carefully organized work of Turk Murphy's thoroughgoing septet, all prominent junior executives of the Bay Area. Closed Sundays. . . . **NICK'S,** Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): The anvil chorus is provided by the Empire City Six, late of Trenton, New Jersey, and imbued with the spirit of the Old South. Jam sessions on Sunday afternoons. Closed Mondays. . . . **METROPOLE,** Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (CI 5-0088): Men of iron, firing point blank and selling their lives as dearly as possible. Dixie is their home. Among the players in a just about continuous performance are Ken Kersey, Tony Parenti, Sol Yaged, Red Allen, Buster Bailey, Cozy Cole, Claude Hopkins, and Marty Napoleon. The row begins at 3:30 P.M. Mondays through Fridays, and ends at 3 A.M. On Saturdays and Sundays, when it begins at 1:30 P.M., the Messrs. Parenti and Napoleon play host to Coleman Hawkins, Charlie Shavers, Pee Wee Erwin, Roy Eldridge, Zutty Singleton, and Russell Moore. . . . **BYLINE ROOM,** 28 W. 56th St. (CI 7-1718): A trio, progressive in flavor, communes with itself from time to time in the back room after nine. Closed Sundays. . . . **CENTRAL PLAZA,** 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): Uproar that's a form of ancestor worship—

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

or how to amuse the children over the weekend. On Friday and Saturday, Aug. 9-10, the tumult will probably be made by Charlie Shavers, the Conrad Janis Tailgaters, Tony Parenti, Gene Sedric, Dick Wellstood, Art Trappier, Herb Fleming, and Panama Francis. . . . CAFÉ BOHEMIA, 15 Barrow St. (CH 3-9274): The devotional services here are conducted in a tongue that resembles modern American when it doesn't simply pass all understanding. At the moment, the principals are, or were at latest reports, the thoughtful quintet operated by Miles Davis and the vigorous fivesome operated by Cannonball Adderley. They'll all leave, or so the story goes, on Sunday, Aug. 11. The replacement should be Roy Eldridge's quartet, which belongs under the heading of more good news. The place is closed Tuesdays.

DINNER IN THE COUNTRY

(Places to dine while out motoring. Telephoning ahead is always wise; a few places insist on it. No dancing, unless noted.)

BANKSVILLE, N.Y.: La Crémaillère (Bedford Village 4-3306); closed Mondays. . . . BETHPAGE, L.I.: Beau Sejour (WEIls 1-0091); closed Tuesdays. . . . CONGERS, N.Y.: Jean's (Congers 8-6178); closed Mondays. . . . DANBURY, CONN.: White Turkey Inn (Spring 5-9125). . . . EAST NORWICH, L.I.: Rothmann's Inn (OYster Bay 6-0266). . . . FISHKILL, N.Y.: Boni's Inn (Beacon 9-7394); closed Mondays. . . . GARRISON, N.Y.: Bird and Bottle (Garrison 4-3342); closed Tuesdays. . . . GLEN COVE, L.I.: Villa Pierre, formerly Villa Victor (GLen Cove 4-2890); Thursdays through Saturdays, the songs and piano of Hugh Shannon; closed Tuesdays. . . . GLENWOOD LANDING, L.I.: Swan Club (ROslyn 3-0037); dancing on Friday and Saturday evenings; closed Mondays. . . . HARTSDALE, N.Y.: Tordo's (WHite Plains 8-0597). . . . LAKE SUCCESS, L.I.: André (HUnter 2-7717); piano on Friday and Saturday evenings; closed Mondays. . . . NORWALK, CONN.: Silvermine Tavern (Victor 7-4558). . . . PORT WASHINGTON, L.I.: Nino's Continental (POrt Washington 7-7644); dancing; closed Mondays. . . . ¶ Riviera (POrt Washington 7-6500); dancing every evening except Monday. . . . POUND RIDGE, N.Y.: Emily Shaw's Inn (Pound Ridge 4-8873); piano; closed Mondays. . . . RIDGEFIELD, CONN.: Fox Hill, on Route 7 between Ridgefield and Danbury (Idlewood 8-2628); piano every evening except Monday. . . . SMITHTOWN, L.I.: Frank Friede's Riverside Inn (Smithtown 2-1016); closed Tuesdays. . . . ¶ Mont d'Or Inn (Smithtown 2-1997); closed Mondays. . . . SOUTH HUNTINGTON, L.I.: Round Hill (Hamilton 3-9859); closed Mondays. . . . SYOSSET, L.I.: Villa Victor (WAlnut 1-4000); closed Mondays. . . . TARRYTOWN, N.Y.: Tappan Hill (MEdford 1-3030); organ (unfortunately) every evening except Monday; dancing on Friday and Saturday evenings. . . . WESTBURY, L.I.: Westbury Manor (EDgewood 3-2184); piano every evening except Sunday. . . . WESTPORT, CONN.: Red Barn (Capitol 7-6204).

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Mondays through Fridays from around 10 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

Antoine Bourdelle—Bronze sculptures, water colors, and ink drawings; through Aug. 30. (World House, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

Americans; Group Shows—At the BABCOCK, 805 Madison Ave., at 68th St.: Such nineteenth- and twentieth-century artists as Albert P. Ryder, George Luks, Gladys Rockmore Davis, and Sol Wilson; through Aug. 30. . . . CONTEMPORARY ARTS, 802 Lexington Ave., at 62nd St.: Paintings and sculptures by (*for instance*) Stuart J. Davis, William Chaiken, and Stanley Twardowicz; through Sept. 2. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5:30; Monday evenings, 8:30 to 10.) . . . GRAND CENTRAL, 15 Vanderbilt Ave., at 43rd St.: Nancy Craig, Hobart Nichols, Gordon Grant, and others in a showing of portraits, landscapes, water colors, and sculptures; through Aug. 30. . . . GRAND CENTRAL MODERNS, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Paintings and sculptures by gallery members, including Arthur Osver, Victor Candell, and Seong Moy; through Aug. 30. . . . BERTHA SCHAEFER, 32 E. 57th St.: Cameron Booth, Balcomb Greene, and Manolo Pascual are three of the participants in this year's "Fact and Fantasy" presentation of paintings and sculptures; through Aug. 23.

Americans and Europeans; Group Shows—At the HERVÉ, 611 Madison Ave., at 58th St.: Paintings by Marie Laurencin, Buffet, Jacus, and others; through Aug. 30. . . . MELTZER, 38 W. 57th St.: Water colors and drawings by—to name a few of the artists—Jankel Adler, Louis Bunce, and George Constant; through Sept. 30. . . . ROSENBERG, 20 E. 79th St.: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century paintings and sculptures by American and French artists, including Karl Knaths, Fernand Léger, and Oronzio Maldarelli; through Aug. 30. . . . WILDENSTEIN, 19 E. 64th St.: American and French paintings and drawings by Homer, Courbet, Pissarro, and others; through Aug. 30. . . . WORLD HOUSE, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.: An exhibition of paintings, drawings, sculptures, water colors, and prints, with examples by Afro, Lynn Chadwick, Stuart Davis, and others; through Aug. 30.

Pre-Columbian Art—A show entitled "Pre-Columbian Abstractionists;" through Aug. 30. (Widdifield, 818 Madison Ave., at 69th St. Tuesdays through Fridays, 2 to 6.)

MUSEUMS

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Sculptures and drawings by Rodin and a set of seventy-three sculptures by Degas, plus works by Maillol, Brancusi, and others. . . . ¶ "Faces in American Art," an exhibit made up of more than a hundred photographs of artists, art critics, and collectors, taken by such cameramen as Edward Steichen, Alfred Stieglitz, and Arnold Newman. . . . ¶ Impressionist and modern paintings, on loan from private collections, by Gauguin, Renoir, Modigliani, and so on; through Sept. 2. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—An exhibition in honor of Picasso's seventy-fifth birthday, containing more than three hundred of his oils, sculptures, collages, water colors, pastels, and drawings. Works done up to 1925 will be shown through Aug. 26; prints and drawings through Sept. 2; and the rest of the exhibit will close on Sept. 8. (Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 10; Saturdays, 11 to 7; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Modern European drawings and prints by van Gogh, Matisse, Miró, and others; through Sept. 2. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 7 E. 72nd St.—Recent acquisitions and works on loan, including paintings, sculptures, and drawings by Soulages, Miró, and Glasco; through Sunday, Aug. 11. (Weekdays, 10 to 6; Sunday, noon to 6.)

Whitney Museum, 22 W. 54th St.—Paintings, sculptures, and drawings from the Museum's permanent collection; through Sept. 22. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

IN THE COUNTRY

ANDOVER, MASS. Addison Gallery of American Art: "Art Schools U.S.A., 1957," made up of works in various mediums by graduates of fifteen art schools and universities; through Sept. 23. (Weekdays, 9 to 5; Sundays, 2:30 to 5.) . . . BLUE HILL, MAINE. Blue Hill Pavilion: Paintings of the seacoast by Vaclav Vytlacil, views of Deer Isle by Helen Keen, and lithographs by Stow Wengenroth; starting Saturday, Aug. 10. (Daily, 10 to 6.) . . . EAST HAMPTON, L.I. Guild Hall: "Trees in Art," consisting of paintings, tapestries, screens, scrolls, and prints by Veronese, Fragonard, Inness, and others; through Tuesday, Aug. 13. . . . ¶ *An invitation exhibition* of oils, water colors, and sculptures by artists of the region; starting Saturday, Aug. 17. (Weekdays, 10 to 5.) . . . MYSTIC, CONN. Mystic Art Association: The second regional exhibition; through Thursday, Aug. 15. (Weekdays, 10 to 5:30; Sundays, 2 to 5:30.) . . . OGUNQUIT, MAINE. Museum of Art of Ogunquit: Paintings by Morris Graves and Mark Tobey and sculptures by Tom Hardy and Philip McCracken

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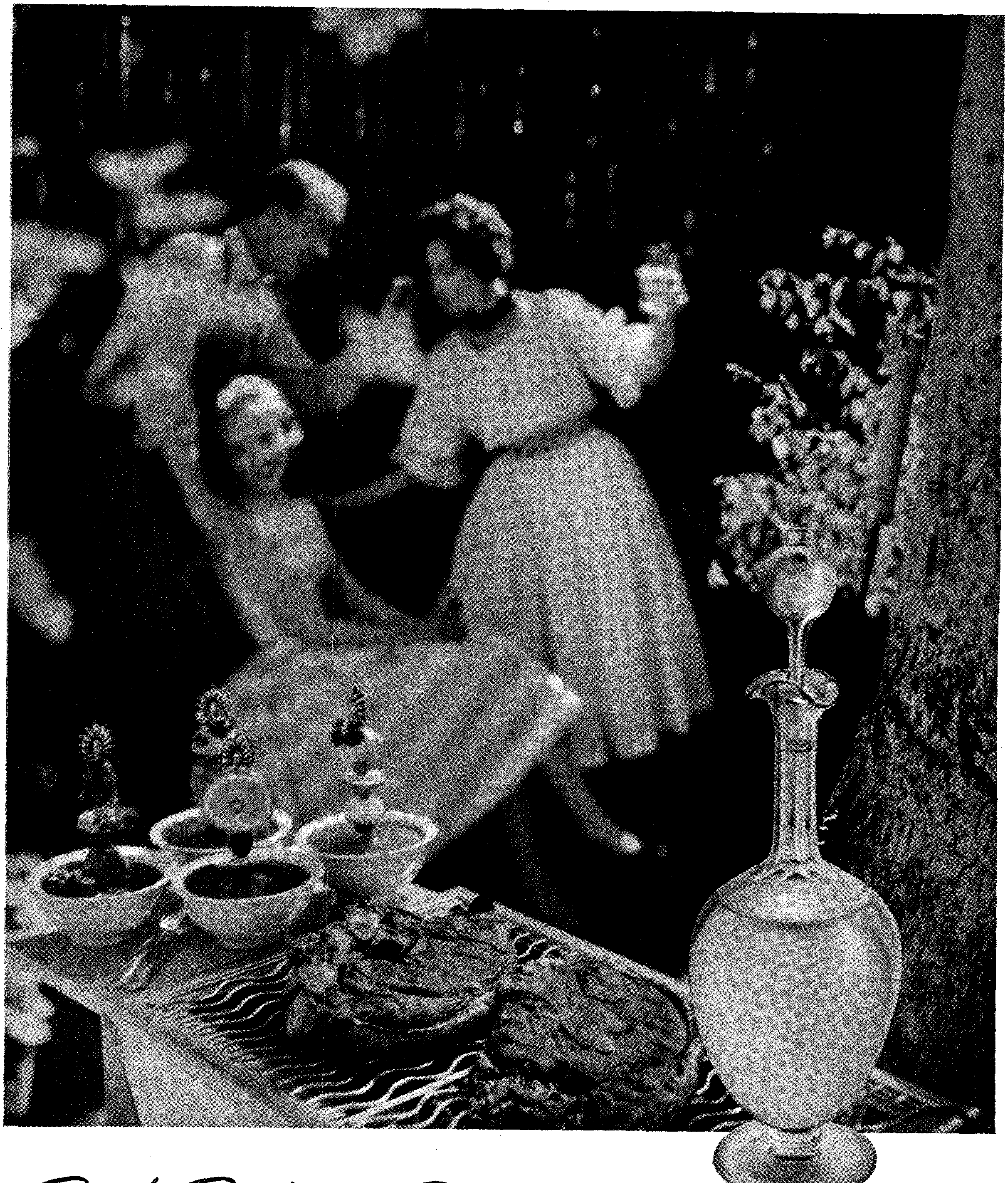

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

comprise a show devoted to artists of the Pacific Northwest, which runs concurrently with an exhibition of paintings, drawings, and sculptures entitled "Americans of Our Times;" through Sept. 9. (Weekdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1:30 to 8.) . . . ¶ Ogunquit Art Association: Edward Betts, Robert Laurent, and Marguerite and William Zorach are four of the members who have paintings and sculptures on display in the August show; through Sept. 2. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5.) . . . PROVINCETOWN, MASS. Provincetown Art Association: The second show of the forty-third season offers paintings, drawings, prints, and sculptures by (for instance) Edwin Dickinson, Byron Browne, and Seong Moy; through Sept. 2. (Weekdays, 10 to 6 and 7 to 10; Sundays, 2 to 6.) . . . ROCKPORT, MASS. Rockport Art Association: This summer's third show (mixed mediums) includes items by Carl W. Peters and Hetty Beatty; starting Sunday, Aug. 11. (Weekdays, 10 to 5:30; Sundays, 3 to 6.) . . . WOODSTOCK, N.Y. Woodstock Artists Association: The Collectors Exhibition; starting Saturday, Aug. 10. (Mondays through Fridays, 1 to 5:30; Saturdays, 11 to 5:30; Sundays, noon to 3.)

MUSIC

Goldman Band—Richard Franko Goldman conducting this summer's series of Guggenheim Memorial Concerts. (Central Park Mall. Sundays, Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays at 8:30; through Friday, Aug. 16.)

Washington Square Park Concerts—Otto Lehmann conducting a chamber orchestra in the second in a series of four free concerts. (Monday, Aug. 12, at 9. In the event of rain, the concert will take place in the Judson Memorial Church, Washington Sq. S.)

IN THE COUNTRY

Berkshire Festival—Final performances of the season—Thursday, Aug. 8, at 6: The annual "Tanglewood on Parade" program, including offerings by the various student departments of the Berkshire Music Center, a lawn party, a concert by the Boston Symphony (conducted by Charles Munch and Aaron Copland) and the Boston Pops (conducted by Arthur Fiedler, with Ogden Nash, narrator, and Seymour Lipkin and Ralph Berkowitz, piano), door prizes, and waltzing on the lawn. For the benefit of the Berkshire Music Center. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 9, at 8:30: Charles Munch conducting the Boston Symphony, with Isaac Stern, violin. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 10, at 8:30: Carl Schuricht conducting; no soloists. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 11, at 2:30: Charles Munch directing Beethoven's Ninth Symphony, with Adele Addison, soprano; Florence Kopleff, contralto; John McCollum, tenor; Donald Gramm, bass; and the Berkshire Festival Chorus. (Tanglewood, Lenox, Mass.)

Berkshire Music Barn—Jazz and folk concerts—Saturday, Aug. 10, at 4: Richard Dyer-Bennet. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 11, at 8:40: The Modern Jazz Quartet and the Jimmy Giuffre Trio. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 15, at 8:40: Mahalia Jackson. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 18, at 8:40: Wilbur de Paris and his New Orleans jazz band. (Lenox, Mass.)

Castle Hill Concerts—Final performances of the season—Friday and Saturday, Aug. 9-10: The Berkshire Quartet, with Thomas Brockman, piano. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Aug. 16-17: Geoffrey Holder and his Trinidad dancers. (Ipswich, Mass. Evenings at 8:30.)

Chautauqua—Walter Hendl conducting the Chautauqua Symphony Orchestra—Saturday, Aug. 10, at 8:30: With Nathan Gordon, viola. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 11, at 3: With Lilian Kallir, piano. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Aug. 14, at 8:30: A program of Viennese music, with soloists. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 17, at 8:30: With Lilian Kallir, piano. (Chautauqua, N.Y.)

Music Mountain—The Berkshire Quartet, with Margaret White, harp, and other soloists. (Falls Village, Conn. Sunday, Aug. 11, at 4.)

SPORTS

Baseball—At YANKEE STADIUM: Yankees vs. Washington, Thursday, Aug. 8, at 2. . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Baltimore, Friday, Aug. 16, at 8:15, and Saturday, Aug. 17, at 2. . . . EBBETS FIELD: Dodgers vs. Giants, Thursday, Aug. 8, at 8. . . . ¶ Dodgers vs. Pittsburgh, Saturday, Aug. 17, at 2. . . . POLO GROUNDS: Giants vs Philadelphia, Friday, Aug. 9, at 8, and Saturday and Sunday, Aug. 10-11, at 2. . . . ¶ Giants vs. Dodgers, Tuesday, Aug. 13, at 8, and Wednesday and Thursday, Aug. 14-15, at 1:30. . . . ROOSEVELT STADIUM, Jersey City: Dodgers vs. Pittsburgh, Friday, Aug. 16, at 8.

Golf—Metropolitan Golf Association Beers Memorial Tournament. (Dellwood Country Club, New City. Thursday, Aug. 8.) . . . ¶ Tam O'Shanter Championships. (Tam O'Shanter Country Club, Niles, Ill. Through Sunday, Aug. 11.) . . . ¶ Long Island Golf Association Mixed Foursomes Championship. (Piping Rock Club, Locust Valley, L.I. Wednesday, Aug. 14.) . . . ¶ Metropolitan Golf Association Amateur Championship. (Nassau Country Club, Glen Cove, L.I. Thursday through Sunday, Aug. 15-18.) . . . ¶ Westchester County Golf Association Mixed Foursomes Championship. (Innis Arden Country Club, Old Greenwich, Conn. Friday, Aug. 16.)

Horse Show—Litchfield Horse Show. (Litchfield, Conn. Saturday, Aug. 10.)

Polo—Sundays at 3:30—At MEADOW BROOK CLUB, Jericho. . . . BLIND BROOK POLO CLUB, Purchase.

Racing—At SARATOGA SPRINGS: Weekdays at 2; through Saturday, Aug. 31. The Whitney, Saturday, Aug. 10; the Saratoga Special, Monday, Aug. 12; the Test, Wednesday, Aug. 14; and the Travers and the Grand Union Hotel, Saturday, Aug. 17. . . . ATLANTIC CITY, Mays Landing, N.J.: Weekdays at 2, from Thursday, Aug. 8, through Saturday, Oct. 5. The Atlantic City Handicap, Saturday, Aug. 10. (A train leaves Penn Station at 10:30 and connects with a train for the track at North Philadelphia.)

Tennis—Eastern Grass Court Championships. (Orange Lawn Tennis Club, South Orange, N.J. Through Sunday, Aug. 11.) . . . ¶ Wightman Cup Matches. (Edgeworth Club, Sewickley, Pa. Saturday and Sunday, Aug. 10-11.) . . . ¶ Men's Invitation Tournament. (Newport Casino Lawn Tennis Club, Newport, R.I. Monday through Sunday, Aug. 12-18.)

Trotting—At ROOSEVELT RACEWAY, Westbury: Weekdays at 8:30; through Saturday, Nov. 30. (Special trains leave Penn Station for the track weekdays at 6:51; additional trains Fridays and Saturdays at 7.) . . . SARATOGA RACEWAY, Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15; through Saturday, Aug. 24.

OTHER EVENTS

United Nations—The organization's activities will be more or less quiescent for the next several weeks; there are, however, periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various commissions and committees that the public may attend. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9 to around 4:30 daily.

Perseid Meteor Showers—The annual display of meteors, for the benefit of nocturnal-sky watchers and shooting-star wishers. The best nights for watching are Saturday through Wednesday, Aug. 10-14, after midnight, when, if the weather is at all coöperative, forty to sixty meteors an hour may be visible.

Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-1300)—The current show, "Earth, Air, and Space," explains the part astronomers are playing in the International Geophysical Year. (Mondays at 1, 2, and 3:30; Tuesdays through Fridays at 1, 2, 3:30, and 8:30; Saturdays at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30; and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30.) . . . ¶ Every night except Monday, a half-hour conducted tour of the Planetarium starts at 8.

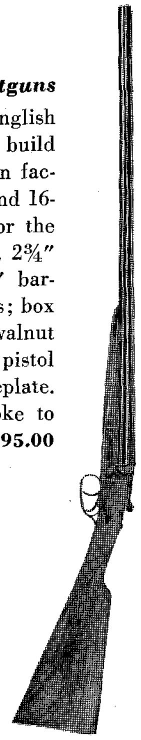
A&F

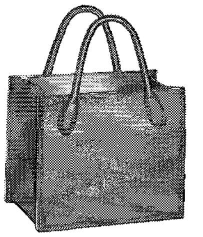
Sighting on fall shooting

The chirp of the cricket signals crisp days ahead . . . suggests that it is time to get accustomed to a new gun . . . fill in needed equipment . . . from the wide selection in our famous Gun Room.

Webley & Scott Shotguns

Product of a famous English firm of gunsmiths, who build completely in their own factory. Supplied in 12- and 16-gauge and, this fall for the first time, in 20-gauge. 2¾" chambers; 26" to 30" barrels; automatic ejectors; box lock action. Selected walnut stock, straight or half pistol grip, with silver nameplate. Borings from full choke to cylinder . . . **$295.00**





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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION

Around the World in 80 Days—Michael Todd's variation on a long Cook's tour. Derived from the fantasy by Jules Verne, the piece is both funny and colorful, if perhaps a bit protracted. David Niven and the Mexican comedian Cantinflas head a worthy cast. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, CI 7-1633. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 10:30. Reserved seats only.)

A Face in the Crowd—Andy Griffith is the diverting protagonist of this account of a hillbilly guitarist's rise and fall in television. Written by Budd Schulberg and directed by Elia Kazan, the picture is pretty superficial, but it moves briskly enough until it starts skidding into Grade B nonsense at its climax. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874, starting Aug. 14, tentative.)

The Gold of Naples—A number of enormously entertaining residents of southern Italy are caught in all kinds of interesting dilemmas in this Italian film, directed by Vittorio De Sica. There are four separate episodes, and the cast includes such talented people as Sophia Loren, Totò, Silvana Mangano, Paolo Stoppa, Pasquale Cennamo, and Mr. De Sica himself. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; through Aug. 13.)

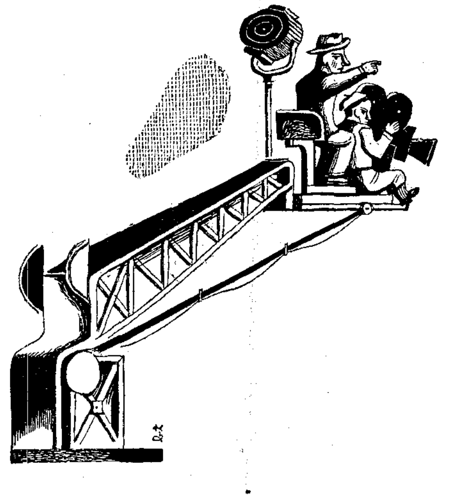
The Green Man—Alastair Sim in a droll English romp having to do with a gentleman who makes a practice of blowing up the people who bore him. (Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406.)

A Hatful of Rain—Sound enough melodrama about a man who can't give up dope. Adapted from a play by Michael V. Gazzo, and directed by Fred Zinnemann, the movie is slow in starting, but winds up with plenty of excitement. Don Murray is the unfortunate addict, and Eva Marie Saint, Anthony Franciosa, and Lloyd Nolan support him skillfully. (Victoria, B'way at 46th, JU 6-0540.)

The Rainmaker—A confidence man loose in the prairie belt convinces a rather homely maiden that she is really a most desirable female. In the hands of Burt Lancaster and Katharine Hepburn, these characters are quite stimulating. Others in the cast include Wendell Corey, Cameron Prud'homme, Lloyd Bridges, and Earl Holliman. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; Aug. 12-13.)

Silk Stockings—Some of the old magic agility of Fred Astaire complemented by the remarkable grace of Cyd Charisse. A picture based on another picture called "Ninotchka," which later became a musical comedy—but let's not pursue it down the alleyways of time. Directed by Rouben Mamoulian, the film has something to do with a lady commissar from the Workers' Paradise, who finds Paris to her liking. And why shouldn't she? Much of the dialogue is in broken English. (Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th, CI 6-4600.)

La Strada—This strange Italian film, directed by Federico Fellini, deals with the fortunes of a subhuman professional strong man, a half-witted girl who serves as his slave (he buys her from her mother for ten thousand lire), and a carnival clown more prescient than most. The picture is full of sharp passages, even if it does go on rather lengthily. With English dialogue. (Lexington, Lexington at 51st, PL 3-0336; Loew's 72nd St., 3rd Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-7222; Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607; Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd, TR 7-3190; and Olympia, B'way at 107th, UN 5-8128; through Aug. 13.)



Sweet Smell of Success—The most conspicuous characters in this movie about some denizens of Broadway are a megalomaniacal gossip columnist and the slimy press agent who acts as his stooge. They make an unsavory team, and the picture builds up several dramatic moments in describing their efforts to prevent the columnist's sister from marrying an honest guitar player. Put together by Clifford Odets and Ernest Lehman, the picture was directed by Alexander Mackendrick. Burt Lancaster and Tony Curtis lead a competent cast. (State, B'way at 45th, JU 2-5070.)

The Ten Commandments—Cecil Blount deMille, an old hand at religious interpretations, cutting a colorful swath through the Old Testament country. Very freely adapted from the Bible, the film includes quite an assortment of dancing girls, notables like Moses, Joshua, and a couple of Pharaohs, and many flamboyant wide-screen effects. Charlton Heston is Moses, and Yul Brynner, Sir Cedric Hardwicke, Anne Baxter, and Yvonne De Carlo are also prominent in the cast of millions, or what seems to be a cast of millions. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796. Mondays through Fridays at 2 and 8; Saturdays at 9:30, 2:30, and 8; and Sundays at 2:30 and 8. Reserved seats only.)

12 Angry Men—In this more than usually successful adaptation to the movies of a television show, an oddly assorted group of jurors have to decide the fate of an eighteen-year-old accused of patricide. Written by Reginald Rose and directed by Sidney Lumet, the picture has a fine cast headed by Henry Fonda. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339.)

REVIVALS

Bambi (1942)—Walt Disney's deer. (Trans-Lux Normandie, 110 W. 57th, JU 6-4448.)

The Bicycle Thief (1949)—An Italian film, made by Vittorio De Sica, about a search for a stolen bicycle by a workman and his son. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 8.)

Bread, Love, and Dreams (1954)—The frustrations of a middle-aged marshal of the police (Vittorio De Sica) in pursuit of a village doxy (Gina Lollobrigida). An Italian film. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 11.)

Cinderella (1950)—Disney's view of the fairy tale. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; Aug. 8.)

Club de Femmes (1937)—Life in a working girls' home. In French, with Danielle Darrieux. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 13.)

Holiday for Henrietta (1955)—Julien Duvivier's French film describing how movie scripts get written. Dany Robin, Michel Roux, and Hildegarde Neff. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 10.)

Mr. Hulot's Holiday (1954)—A romp at a seaside resort, with Jacques Tati. The dialogue is in both French and English. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 10.)

The Quiet One (1949)—The documentary story of a young colored boy in Harlem. Made in Manhattan by a group of amateurs. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 8.)

Roman Holiday (1953)—A princess slips away from her entourage in Rome and winds up seeing the sights with an American newspaperman and a photographer. Audrey Hepburn, Gregory Peck, and Eddie Albert. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; Aug. 12-13.)

Torment (1947)—The machinations of a psychopathic teacher who attempts to frustrate an adolescent love affair. In Swedish. (Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; Aug. 13-14.)

The Young and the Damned (1952)—Luis Buñuel's examination of juvenile delinquency. A Mexican film, with a cast of amateurs. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 9.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Three programs in a series entitled "Sixty Years of French Films." Through Aug. 10: "L'Hippocampe" (1934), directed by Jean Painlevé; and "Toni" (1935), directed by Jean Renoir.... ¶ Aug. 11-13: "La Belle Equipe" (1936), directed by Julien Duvivier; and "Nuit sur le Mont Chauve" (1934).... ¶ Starting Aug. 14: "Vocation" (circa 1936), directed by Jean-Yves de la Cour; and "Un Partie de Campagne" (1936-46), directed by Jean Renoir. (Showings every afternoon at 3 and 5:30, and Thursday evenings at 8. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after 1.)

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THE BROADWAY AREA

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED IN THE SECTION ABOVE

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
"Fire Down Below," Rita Hayworth, Robert Mitchum.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
"The Pride and the Passion," Cary Grant, Frank Sinatra, Sophia Loren.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
THE TEN COMMANDMENTS.

Mayfair, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CI 5-9800)
"Night Passage," James Stewart, Audie Murphy.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
SILK STOCKINGS.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (LO 3-1100)
"The Curse of Frankenstein," Peter Cushing.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
AROUND THE WORLD IN 80 DAYS.

Roxy, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
"An Affair to Remember," Cary Grant, Deborah Kerr.

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
SWEET SMELL OF SUCCESS.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
A HATFUL OF RAIN.

Warner, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
"Seven Wonders of the World," the third Cinerama production. (Mondays at 8:40; Tuesdays through Fridays at 2:40 and 8:40; and Saturdays and Sundays at 2, 5, and 8:40. Reserved seats only.)

World, 153 W. 49th. (CI 7-5747)
Through Aug. 11: "Stella" (in Greek), Melina Mercouri.
From Aug. 12: "It Happened in the Park" (in French), Gérard Philipe, Micheline Presle, Vittorio De Sica.

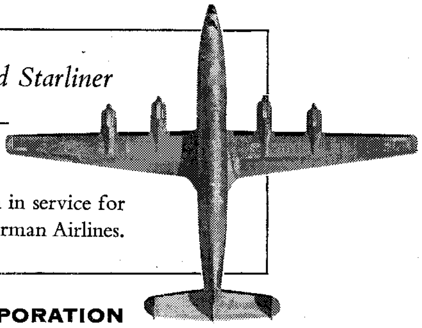
**Flying Tiger*

IN CHINA THEY CALLED HIM 飛虎*

In 1937 the Nationalist Chinese needed air power. They got General Claire Lee Chennault . . . dedicated air genius. He gave the Flying Tigers their claws, helped prevent the Japanese conquest of China . . . later commanded the United States 14th Air Force in World War II. Now Chairman of the Board of Civil Air Transport airline, based on Formosa, the General lives in Taipei and Monroe, Louisiana . . . spends spare moments fishing and gardening. Like other world travelers, General Chennault favors Lockheed luxury liners for smooth, relaxed air travel. This summer he flies to Paris on the new, faster, longer-range *LOCKHEED STARLINER*—via *TWA*—Trans World Airlines.

Now in service: The Lockheed Starliner

Largest, fastest Lockheed luxury liner—now flying non-stop routes between the world's great cities for AIR FRANCE and TWA-Trans World Airlines. Soon in service for LAI-Italian Airlines and LUFTHANSA-German Airlines.



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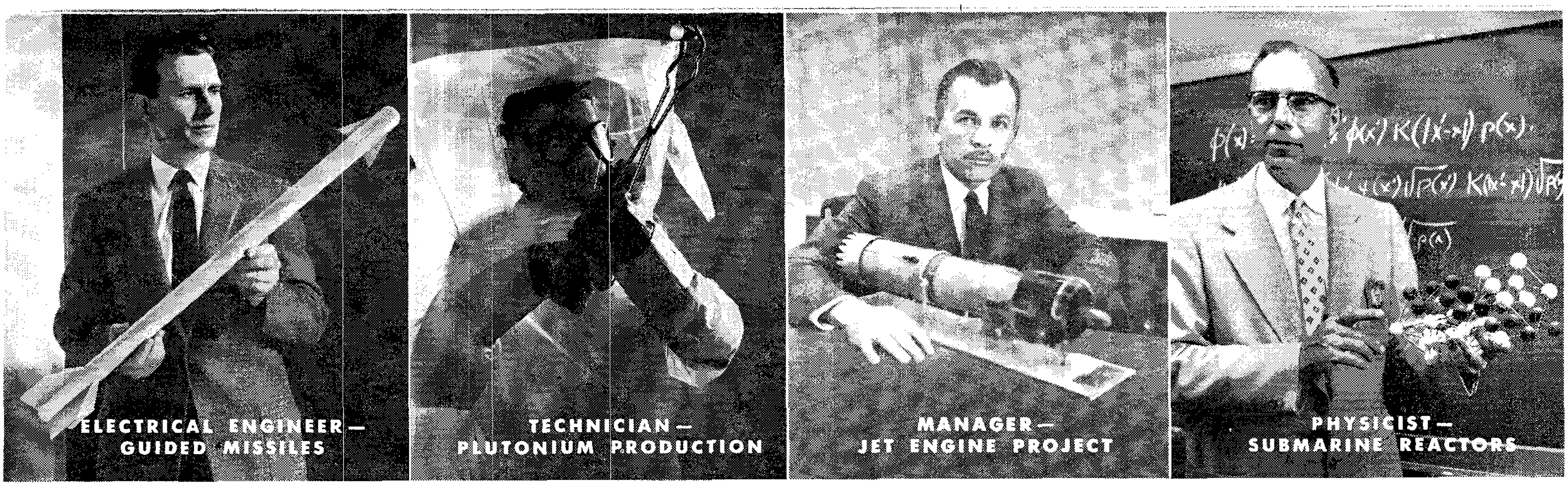
ELECTRICAL ENGINEER—
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TECHNICIAN—
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MANAGER—
JET ENGINE PROJECT
PHYSICIST—
SUBMARINE REACTORS

Devoting the talents of outstanding people. Staying ahead of potential aggressors requires quality of people as well as equipment.

How General Electric is trying to help meet the increasing challenges of defense

Today Americans are being forced to think in a totally new way about national defense. The United States can no longer expect to build military strength after an attack, but must be ready at all times to discourage aggression and maintain peace.

Yet, at the same time that a sizable portion of research, development, and production is constantly devoted to defense, we as a nation are striving to continue to advance our living levels.

Security with solvency

The resources of the nation are not limitless. Maintaining security with solvency presents a challenge to business and government to make sure that every citizen is getting the most for his defense dollar.

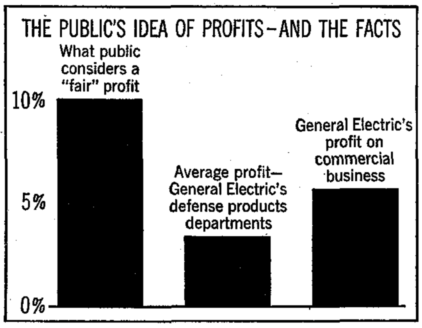
In helping meet this challenge, General Electric is:

- Devoting the talents of nearly half of the company's scientists, engineers, and technicians to defense activity.
- Bringing to bear its large-scale resources to pioneer vast and complicated defense projects . . . and then breaking down the big jobs into tasks to which thousands of other businesses contribute their specialized skills.
- Trying to conduct defense work as a business instead of an interruption of business.

Toward greater defense values

Meeting defense requirements is a continuing duty of responsible business. General Electric believes, however, that even fuller value from industry participation can be gained by infusing into defense work the same free-enterprise incentives that keep the civilian economy vigorous and able to supply good values to customers.

One way is to encourage maximum incentives for cost reduction in which both the taxpayer and the producer share in savings; another is to stimulate risk taking by making possible returns on defense accomplishments that warrant greater private investment.



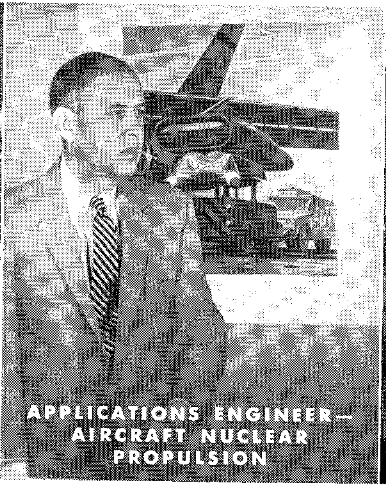
As General Electric sees it, fully utilizing the incentives of a free society will deliver to every citizen greater defense value for his tax dollars . . . and at the same time continue to provide Americans with the highest living levels anywhere in the world.

Progress Is Our Most Important Product

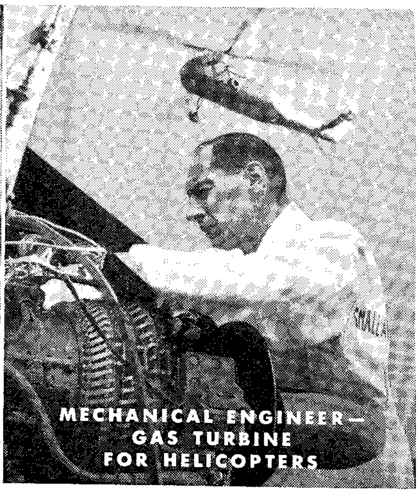
GENERAL ELECTRIC

If you would like more information about General Electric's views and activities concerning national defense, please write us at Department D2-119, Schenectady, N. Y.

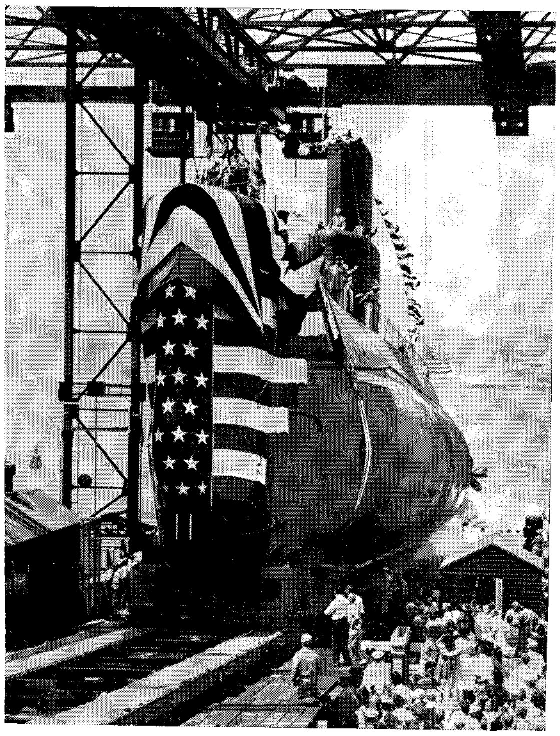
TECHNICAL WRITER—
AIRBORNE ELECTRONIC
SYSTEMS


APPLICATIONS ENGINEER—
AIRCRAFT NUCLEAR
PROPULSION

METALLURGIST—METALS
AND CERAMICS RESEARCH


MECHANICAL ENGINEER—
GAS TURBINE
FOR HELICOPTERS

Nearly half of G.E.'s technical personnel is assigned to defense work, even though it is only about 20% of the company's total business.



Bringing to bear large-scale resources. Typical of complex jobs undertaken by General Electric is development of atomic reactors for submarines (like the *Seawolf*, above).

GENERAL ELECTRIC
ELECTRONICS PARK
AIRTRON INC.
DIELECTRIC PRODUCTS CO.
HEPCO INC.
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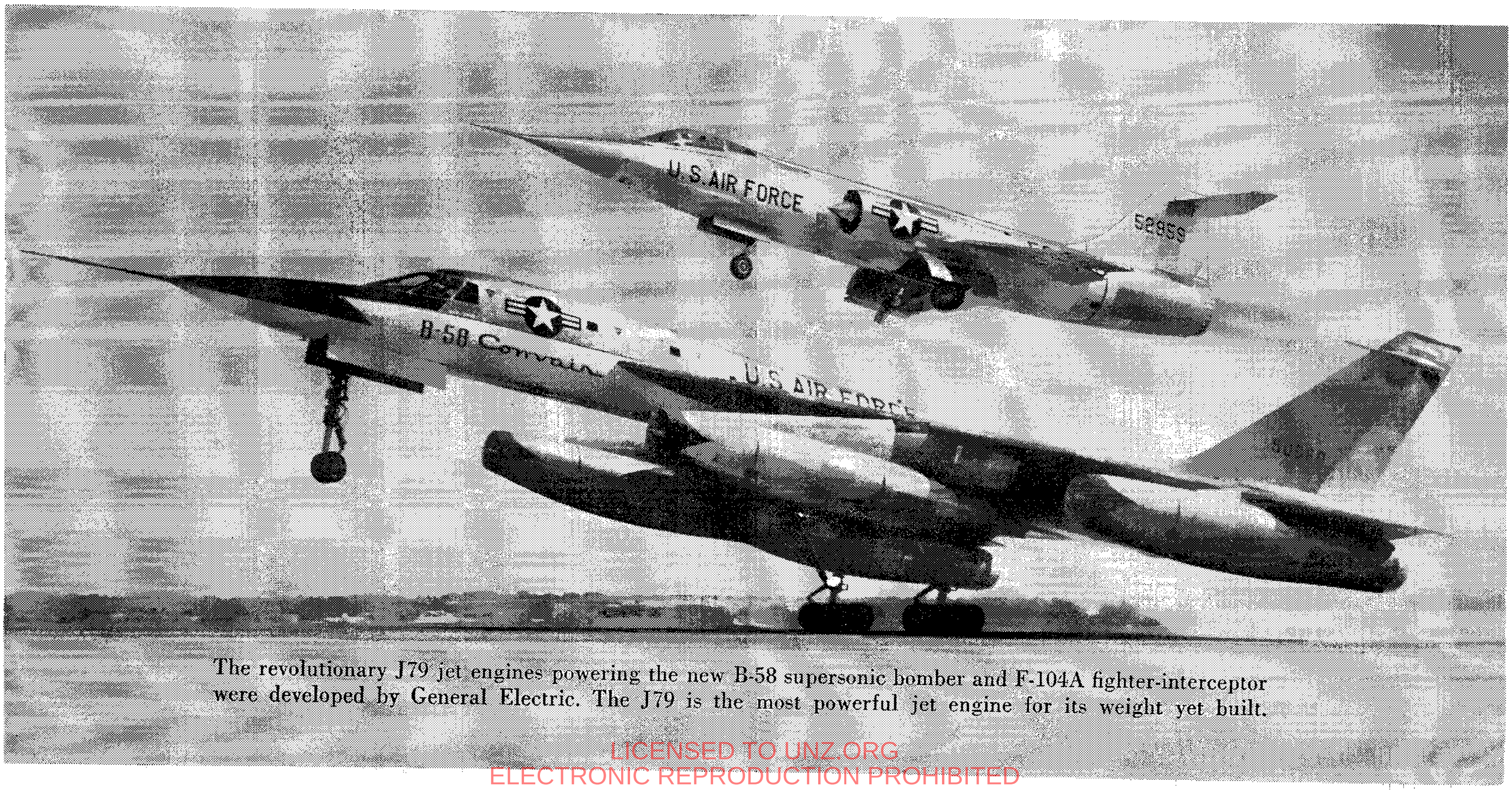
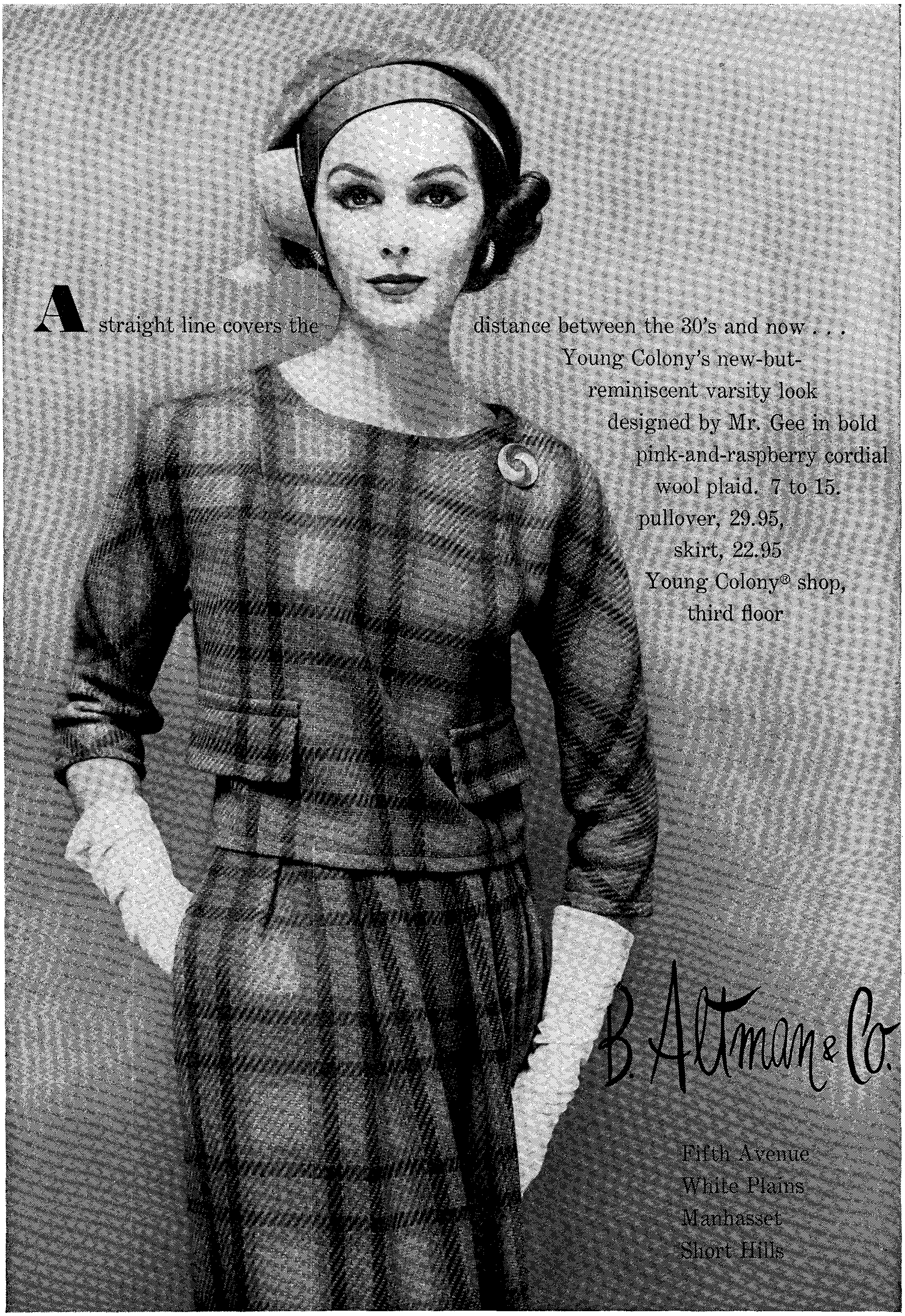
SUPERIOR ELECTRIC CO.
H.H. BUGGIE INC.
L.H. TERPENING CO.
INDUSTRIES, INC.
AUDIO DEVELOPMENT CO.
DAVEN CO.

Mobilizing the skills of businesses of all sizes. In taking responsibility for complicated defense projects, and breaking them down into jobs smaller firms can handle, General Electric brings together the specialized talents of many businesses. Here are a few representatives of more than 800 firms which help General Electric produce large radar units.


U.S. AIR FORCE
52959
B-58 Convair
U.S. AIR FORCE

The revolutionary J79 jet engines powering the new B-58 supersonic bomber and F-104A fighter-interceptor were developed by General Electric. The J79 is the most powerful jet engine for its weight yet built.

A straight line covers the distance between the 30's and now . . .
Young Colony's new-but-
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pink-and-raspberry cordial
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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

A NOTICE that employees will not be paid for time lost because of sunburn is posted on a bulletin board at, for heaven's sake, Abercrombie & Fitch.

Lunch Hour

AT noon one day last week, we were strolling past the new Guggenheim Museum, a spiralling concrete pile conceived by Frank Lloyd Wright that is being erected on upper Fifth Avenue, when we came upon a group of workmen taking their lunchtime ease on a curbstone outside the growing edifice. Reflecting that these carpenters, cement mixers, and pipe fitters were of the stuff of the builders who sent the pyramids soaring above the infinities of the desert, we shoved between a pair of them who were gnawing on hero sandwiches, sat down on the curbstone, and grilled them about the work in progress. When we asked about the general feeling toward Mr. Wright's extraordinary creation, one of our companions stopped champing on his hero and peered thoughtfully across Fifth Avenue. A young lady was making her pretty way northward on the opposite side of the street. "Boy!" said our fellow-squatter. "Look at the lines on that!" All hands began to whistle and carry on until the young lady had vanished from view, whereupon we started interviewing them once more.

"The way I figure it," said a large, unshaven, red-faced workman, "is that this is the screwiest project I ever got tied up in. The whole joint goes round and round and round and where it comes out nobody knows."

"What you don't get," said another man, who was lightly flecked with spatterings of cement, "is the big picture. What you got to keep in mind is that all these concrete circles are going to look very, very nice when they get them all shined up and hang up the paintings."

"Did you hear," said yet another workman, "that old Frankie went out West for some blowout or something and was sore because he got met by a limousine instead of a helicopter? There sure aren't no flies on him."

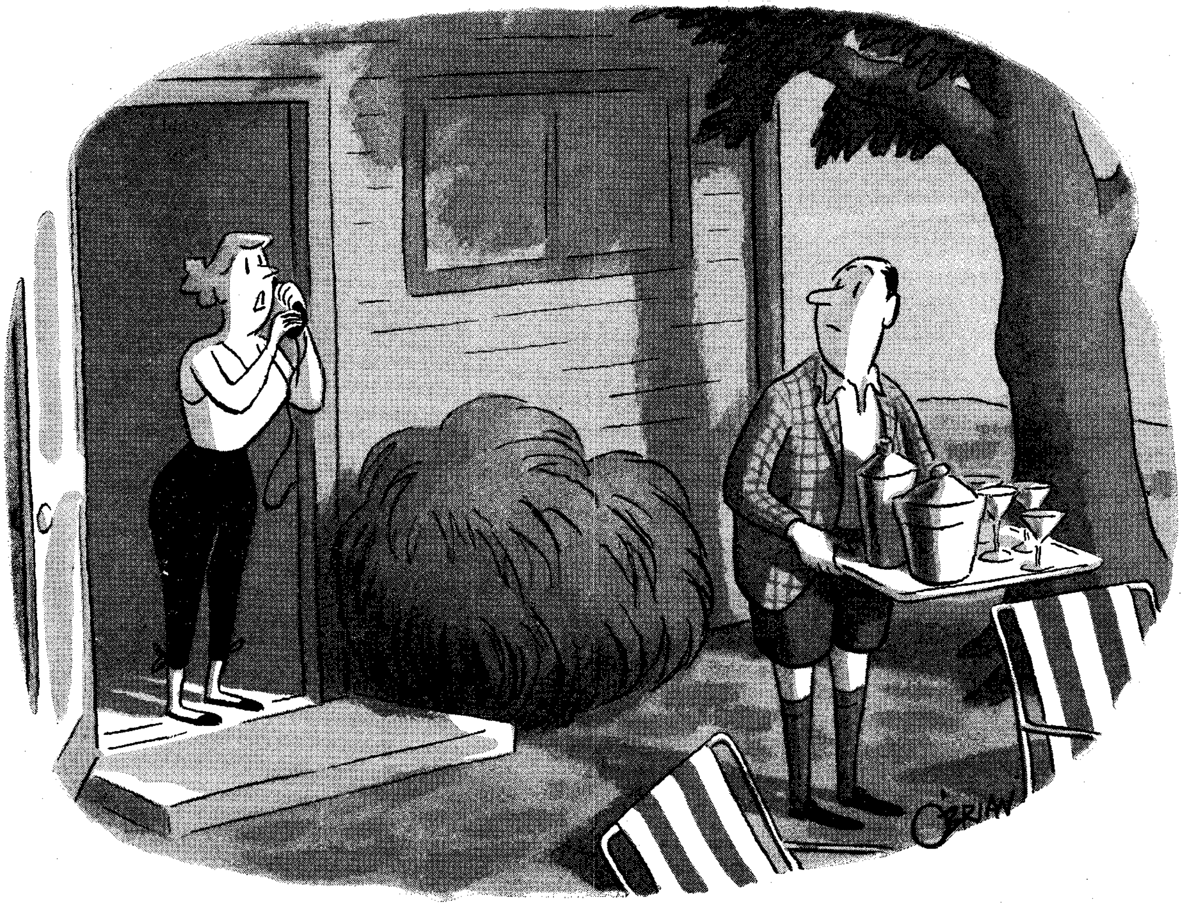
A bell rang and the workmen hastily swallowed what remained of their heroes, and we followed them into the building proper, where we presently encountered a foreman in a yellow-and-green checked sports shirt and blue pants that were rolled up above his ankles. "What have those meat balls been handing you?" he inquired.

We told him that the men were naturally amazed at some of Mr. Wright's ideas.

"There isn't an idea in this whole joint that hasn't been used before," said the foreman. "There isn't anything really radical about this place. It's just unusual because all kinds of new stuff has been brought together for the first time. I got to admit that I was pretty surprised when I got my first gander at a semicircular shaft for an elevator, but everything around here curves, one way or another, so why not the elevator?" He led us through a forest of wooden supports that were sustaining one section of the building's circular ramps, advised us to go cautiously while fording the innumerable puddles among the debris on the concrete flooring, and finally revealed the semicircular elevator shaft. "All we need now is a semicircular elevator," he said. "We ought to have this museum all set to go along about next spring, if the weather doesn't louse things up too much. Right now, we've got three more floors to add to this endless ramp. The ramp is constructed on the cantilever principle, and we remove all these wooden supports as soon as the cement hardens. You'll notice a lot of big fat pillars, but they're thicker than necessary in order to produce architectural symmetry, which is, as I get it, something Wright is nuts about."

We were curious about the open space in the middle of the corkscrewing ramp, and the foreman informed us that he didn't know what would be put in the area, except maybe a small fountain. "What Wright has planned on," he said, "is the use of Central Park, across the street, to provide free green stuff for the museum, which is no dopey idea."

We thanked the foreman, waded through a few more puddles, and at last reached a stairway leading to the basement of the building. It was a straight, familiar set of steps. While we were surveying the basement—a large, rather cavernous area, in which an auditorium is to be situated—we were joined by a gentleman in blue shirt and dungarees, who quickly started in telling us about his notions on how a museum ought to be built. "What I would do," he said, "is go right down the street and look at one of those galleries they've got there. Then I'd build a museum just like the gallery. I got nothing against Wright, whom I didn't even know about until I came on this job and who seems a nice enough fellow when he comes around here, which he does about once a month, but when I heard he's putting up houses with creeks running through them and trees growing



"It's the Windens. They missed the turnoff and had to go on to New Brunswick."

• •

through the roof, I don't know if I'm ready to take him, even if he has been around a long time."

We asked our cellar acquaintance whether all his colleagues knew about Wright.

"They talk about him almost as much as they do about women," he said. "How many buildings do you think I've been on without ever knowing who the hell the architect was? Hundreds, I'll bet. But this joker has the knack of attracting attention."

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INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE: The Organization for European Economic Cooperation (OEEC) includes among its branches a Committee for Invisible Transactions.

Hroswithians

HROSWITHA, a nun of the tenth century and of Gandersheim, Germany, was the first known woman poet north of the Mediterranean, the second known German poet of either gender, the first person to write plays after the expiration of Roman drama, and the only Dark Ages celebrity with a local fan club—the Hroswitha Club. Wondering, "Why Hroswitha?"—when there is no Beowulf Brotherhood—we sought out, in an immaculate Fifth Avenue maisonette, its president, Mrs. Sherman Post Haight, an immaculate, conservatively enthusiastic lady of sixty, who obliged us by saying, "Our nun was born around 930, of Saxon stock; her name comes from two Saxon words—*swîtho*, 'strong,' and *hrôth*, 'sound.' She had a wide knowledge of mathematics, astronomy, and music. She is known to have written eight sacred legends in verse, two historical poems, three prefaces, several dedications in verse and prose, a poem about the revelation of St. John, and six rhymed dramas, most of them concerned with chastity or the redemption of fallen women. In the course of this composition, she employed over twelve thousand rhymes and at least fifty words unique in Latin usage, such as *praenitidus*, meaning 'very beautiful;' *circumdiffundo*, 'scatter;' *armonice*, 'harmoniously;' and *pigesco*, 'be irksome.' Conrad Celtes, Germany's first poet laureate, discovered her works, and published them in 1501. He came across the manuscripts while trying to prove that Germany's culture was up to that of the Romans—Maximilian I was warring with the Italians at the time—and a few people took Hroswitha to be a figment of Celtes' imagination, but it's pretty well proved that she was not. The Morgan Library told me they were very sure she existed, and the Catholic scholars are very, *very* sure, and *I'm* very sure. Her plays have been acted. Two years ago, a group of students from Mercy College, in Detroit, performed her 'Sapientia' and 'Dulcitius' at the University of Michigan. Ellen Terry acted in 'Paphnutius,' at the Savoy Theatre in London, in 1914. By today's standards, the plays are rather broad to have been written by a nun. Celtes called Hroswitha the German Sappho."

We smoothed the arch in our eyebrows and asked what goes on in the Hroswitha Club.

"The Club is an organization of women book collectors, very serious and very excellent ones" was the firm reply. "We are limited to forty members, plus a few honorary ones. The idea was conceived in 1946 by the late Mrs. Robert Fife, who was president of the Garden Club of America and a collector of botanical books. We felt there should be a club for women bibliophiles, and Hroswitha was a great scholar and a great bibliophile. We have members in Philadelphia, Boston, Pittsburgh, Washington, and so on, and we get together four or five times a year, for lunch and a *short* business meeting. Then we're off, to view a private or public collection. This autumn, we're going to the Walters Art Gallery, in Baltimore. Also, we all send marked catalogues to each other whenever we spot anything another member might fancy. The range of interests is surprising. One member has a collection of boxingiana, and she became so fascinated she wrote a book on boxing. Another collects books on military costumes, and her collection has outgrown her house. There is one lady, eighty years old, who has the most remarkable collection of Walt Whitman and has never missed a meeting until this year. Then, one collects incunabula; another, novels written before 1850; still another, Horace. One lady has a marvellous collection of Walter Crane, the English illustrator, and this year she gave it to Yale, and the grandson of Walter Crane came over to speak at the presentation. And one has assembled books and manuscripts on sports, way back to ancient Persian times.

"*I* am interested in early English books, books to do with printing, and early children's books," she continued, in response to a question of ours. "I also have a collection of editions of 'A Visit from St. Nicholas,' and I've written a book entitled 'Banned Books.' " Mrs. Haight moved to a shelf and drew forth a pamphlet. "In 1947, Dr. Robert Fife wrote this life of Hroswitha, and we are now compiling a check list of various editions of her plays," she said. "Here in this picture Hroswitha is on her knees, offering her works to the Emperor Otto in Saxony; the woodcut is attributed to Dürer." We studied the picture intently. Otto the Great, bewhiskered and creased, seemed to us to be grumpily pushing away the proffered gift. The authoress seemed to be insisting; the one-eyed bit of profile—long-nosed, mince-mouthed—that peeped from her habit had the icy cool of the jack of spades. Strong Sound was not, evidently, a lady to take *non* for an answer.

R.I.P.

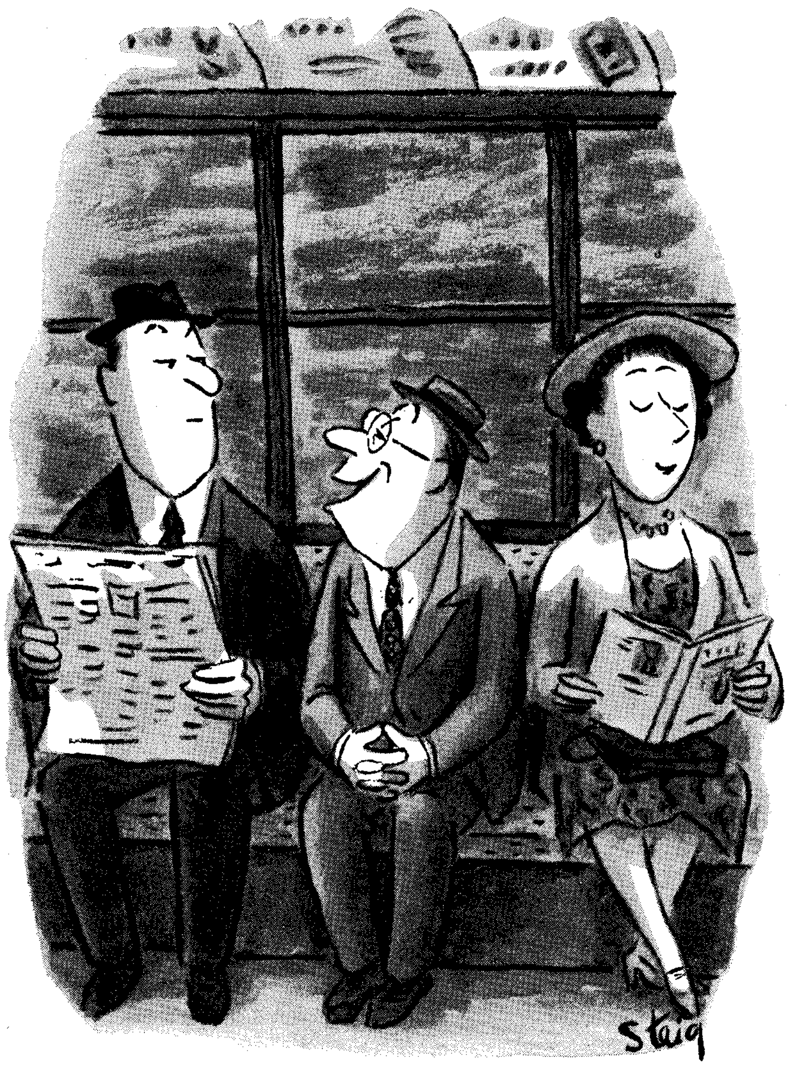
GETTING set to send a wire from the Western Union office in Grand Central Station the other day, a friend of ours glanced about for a message pad and was unnerved by the first one his eyes lighted upon. Across the top page, in a large, elaborate, old-fashioned hand, someone had written, "Mama, the funeral was comical."

By the Sea

OUR recent visit to a children's swimming class conducted by the Department of Parks set us speculating on the extent and history of the city's public bathing facilities, and now we have boned up on the subject. It turns out that this seaside resort is a good deal more aquatic than you may suspect. How many public bathing beaches, for example, do you suppose the Parks Department maintains within city limits? Eight, totalling eighteen miles of beach, give or take a few hundred yards. How many swimming pools? Seventeen outdoor, twelve indoor. The best borough for sunbathers and outdoor-water bathers is Queens: two outdoor pools and, at Jacob Riis and Rockaway Beaches, a total of eight and a half miles of prime Atlantic sand and surf. Manhattan, the only officially beachless area, makes up for its disability with eight outdoor pools and eight indoor ones. Richmond has three beaches, totalling three miles (or almost three miles), a nice view of the Statue of Liberty from its beaches, and two extra-big outdoor pools. Brooklyn has four outdoor pools, three indoor pools, and two beaches; one of the beaches is three-tenths of a mile long and is called Manhattan, while the other is three and two-tenths miles long and is called guess what? The Bronx has one indoor pool, one outdoor pool, and one beach, Orchard, which is one mile long. The Bronx is dandy for golfers, though—four public courses, of the city's total of ten.

In doping out theoretical maximum accommodations at its beaches, the Parks Department allots each person a plot of beach ten feet square. To judge from newspaper photographs of Coney Island and Rockaway Beach after a hot weekend, the theoretical maximum is sometimes attained. Last year, the Department counted up 2,251,760 admissions to its pools and estimated that 30,315,000 used its beaches. The variability of beach attendance, governed by weather, makes the lives of concessionaires somewhat harrowing; in 1955, when the week-ends were particularly steamy, beach attendance ran to about fifty-five million, or more than eighty per cent above last year's. So far this year, it is running ahead of 1955. The Parks Department took over the job of making beach estimates some years ago, when the rival claims of the Chambers of Commerce of Coney Island and the Rockaways began to get so large as to cast doubt on civic credibility in Greater New York. Since it has been estimating, the Department says pacifically, Coney and Rockaway have come out about equal. Despite the staggering figures, reliable and otherwise, the city beaches and pools are crowded only on the hottest days; late in the afternoon of a medium-warm August weekday, the average Manhattan pool has only a handful of patrons.

Most of the present facilities were built during the depression, with federal funds and W.P.A. labor. Before 1934, the Parks Department operated only two pools—Betsy Head Pool, in the Brownsville section of Brooklyn, and Faber Pool, on Staten Island. The



"I'm drunk."

Brooklyn and Manhattan Borough Presidents' offices ran a few miniature ones, known as plunges, as an adjunct to the public baths it used to maintain. On hot summer evenings, the plunges were sometimes so crowded that patrons had to stand up the way they do in that contemporary plunge, the subway. The benevolent borough presidents of old also operated barges called "floating baths;" these portable pools were towed up and down the rivers, tying up at whatever mooring seemed most likely to supply swimmers. The barges went out of service by 1938, because of pollution. They probably won't come back, but in the interest of protecting its stationary beaches, the city is doing its best to clean up its surrounding waters. In 1948, after the Health Department had threatened to close all the beaches unless something was done, the Board of Estimate authorized an appropriation program of two hundred million dollars for modern sewage-disposal plants. The first phase of this program, finished three years ago, improved matters considerably, and the second, scheduled to be finished in 1964, is expected to mop up the problem. Meanwhile, the Parks Department has cooked up plans for three new pools and six new beaches. Why doesn't it go ahead and build them? Perfectly simple; it can't afford to.

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OVERHEARD on West Eighth Street: "*Sadie*? Why, Sadie's a classicist!"

Hall on Lawyers

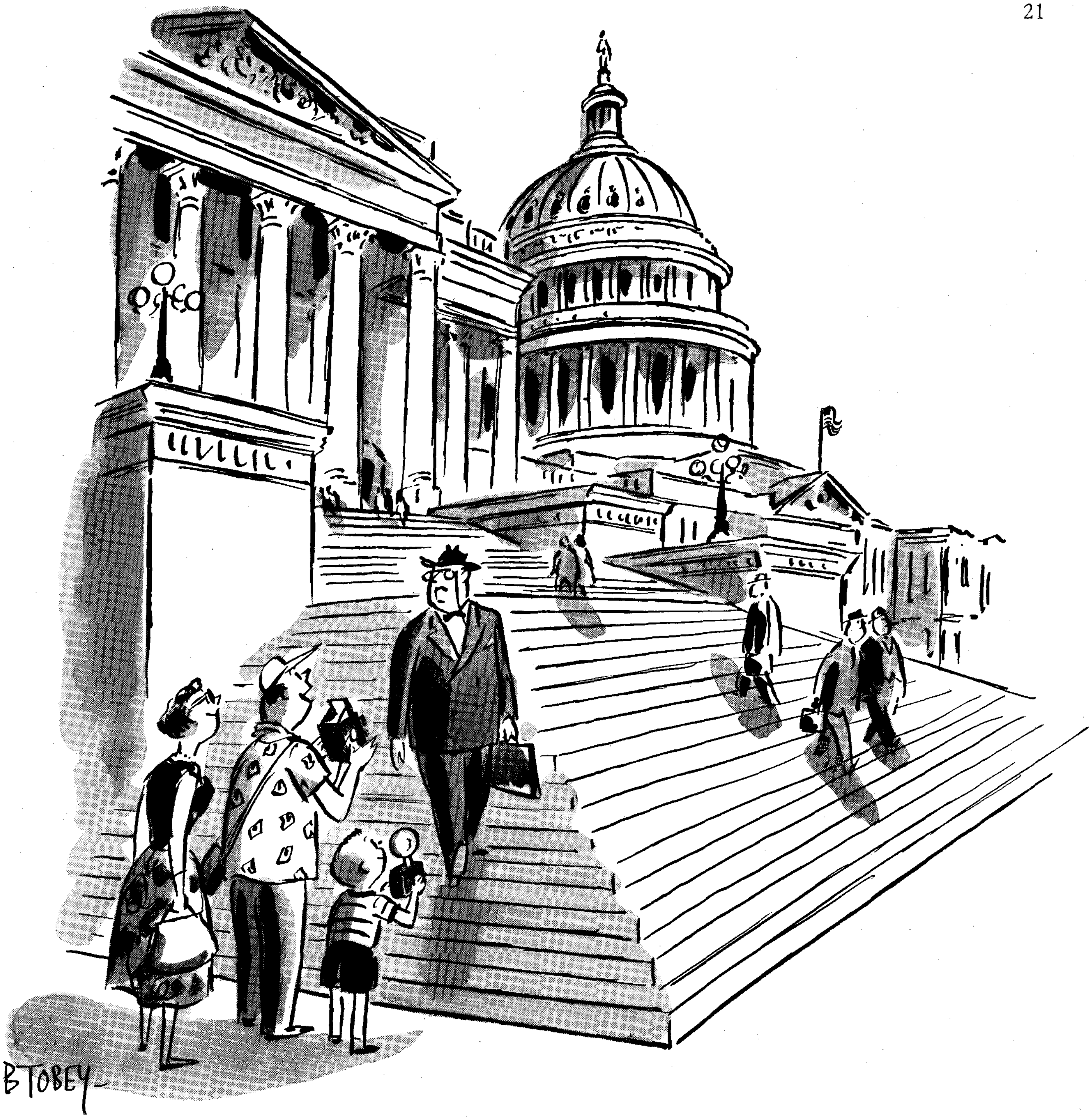
HAVING shaken hands with that aging and crotchety operative of ours named Hall, and wished him happy landing on his biannual flying vacation visit to the Continent a week or so ago, we thought we'd heard the last of him for at least sixty days, but a report from him from London that speaks for itself—and for Hall—arrived by airmail and, as usual, in longhand, unrequested and unexpected, before we'd had time to turn around. It goes in part as follows:

"On my arrival by aeroplane in London on July 24th, I was confronted with a situation of such an uncommon nature that my conscience forces me to set same down for your perusal, although I may say that it is not in my nature to mix business with pleasure, as the saying goes. In the course of winding up my affairs in New York before my departure, it was necessary for me to conduct some private business with three attorneys at law—one in connection with subleasing my quarters in Murray Hill, one in connection with income-tax matters, and the third in connection with certain private concerns that are irrelevant. My point is that not one of them had the intelligence to inform me that some three thousand members of the American Bar Association were putting in their appearance here that same week, many of them with wives and some with children as well, to attend—or, rather, to finish attending—the annual convention of the aforementioned association. The thing commenced quietly in New York earlier in July, and I may say that such a congress can be swallowed up in New York, but, if you follow me, it was decided to complete the proceedings here in London, a city dear to my heart, perhaps dearest to my heart, indeed, of all—but no more of that. Like the English people, whom I admire so greatly, I must keep a stiff upper lip and not allow sentiment to influence my judgment. For the first two or three days, however, I may say in all frankness that it was nightmare—nightmare. I was unable to obtain a room at Claridge's. Had my own lawyers warned me, I would, of course, have booked a room in advance, but even in wartime here I never found it necessary to book a room at my favorite hostelry. To put it bluntly, I am known at Claridge's. The head porter, Gibbs, a world figure, as you doubtless know, a man who can overcome any namable obstacles as well as unmentionable ones—he is reputed to have obtained a divorce for one of his old patrons, although I suspect that story is apocryphal—well, Gibbs was quivering with shame when I came up to greet him, having beaten off a number of lawyers with my umbrella in order to obtain a cab at the airport. I apologize for this breathless syntax. I am still somewhat overwrought. Gibbs said to me, his hands and lips trembling, 'We have been overwhelmed, Mr. Hall. Why, sir, we had to send some of them down to Brighton.' He was able to obtain something for me at the Ritz, however, and I was on the way to being appeased, but things weird and unearthly continued to occur.

"I strolled over to my bootmaker in St. James's, thinking to put in an order for a new pair of oxfords and have some old ones repaired, and before I could open my mouth the elderly clerk there, with whom I have been on speaking terms for thirty years, said to me—I might almost say shouted at me—'Sir, we simply cannot make boots in forty-eight hours!' He was, of course, utterly embarrassed when his nearsighted eyes recognized me, and the tale he told me of woe and confusion I cannot bear to put down on paper. To make a long story short, it was much the same way at my tailor's, in Savile Row, and at my shirtmaker's, in Jermyn Street. Lock's and Herbert Johnson's were in a like state of confusion, although naturally, in the case of these ancient hatmakers, they were able to deliver the goods, as the saying goes, until their stocks ran short. I found peace at Swaine Adeney's, in Piccadilly, and from this gleaned a truth: My fellow-countrymen—lawyers, at least—do not purchase umbrellas. I had mine reconditioned in the tranquil atmosphere to which I have been accustomed.

"Gradually, as the days went by, I became adjusted to the general situation and even struck up conversations here and there with one or two of our visiting attorneys of the better sort from New York. The situation, however, did continue to cause a certain amount of social confusion. For example, I went down to luncheon on Sunday at the country house of some friends—old family—and a nice-appearing youngish gentleman, whose name I had failed to catch in the general introductions, inquired of me if I was one of the American lawyer fellows. With a rudeness not my nature, I hope, and assignable only to the strains and stresses I had encountered elsewhere, I replied, 'I am not, sir—are you?' It turned out he was the Duke of Bedford and a personage of such impeccable connections that he took my embarrassment as a hearty joke, and I later in the week found him a most rewarding host in Bedfordshire. He expressed the opinion, on our first meeting, that much good would come of the lawyers' convention—interchange of ideas, et cetera—and I must say I began to see the other side of the story as a result of this conversation.

"Feeling full of good will toward all men by the end of my first week's stay in London, I repaired in my professional capacity to the Law Society in Chancery Lane, and there had a most delightful chat with Mr. Thomas George Lund,



"Are you anybody?"

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C.B.E., the secretary of the society, and with Mr. Ian David Yeaman, the president—the men who, with the help of scores of assistants and volunteers of all sorts and both sexes, made the arrangements by means of which these thousands of American lawyers were received, put into hotel rooms and into private homes, registered, and extended no fewer than eight formal invitations apiece, together with dozens of more informal ones, so that each and every one of them had a sufficient number of functions to attend while they were here, guides to show them around, and so on—all the way from, for example, a reception by the Worshipful Company of Solicitors of the City of London on board H.Q.S. Wellington, at Temple Stairs, to the Queen's reception and the banquets at which the Prime Minister and Mr. Churchill addressed them. Seven special trains took them to a railway station near Runnymede and buses transported them from there to the ceremonies in connection with the dedication of the memorial erected by the American lawyers to the Magna Carta. I have been forced to the conclusion that, in spite of the personal inconveniences I had to endure, the Bar Association convention here was a resounding success and a credit not only—as goes without saying—to the English people but to my own countrymen as well."

Direction Finder

TAKING the air on the bow of a ferryboat bound for Weehawken the other evening, a friend of ours heard a young father explaining to his son how the engineer of a ferryboat knows in what direction his vessel is headed. "He comes up from the engine room," the father said, "and sees which way the cars are pointed."

NIGHT FORAY

WHENEVER I run across an article about juvenile delinquents—and, as everyone knows, these appear fairly frequently nowadays—I am likely to have a twinge of fellow feeling for the poor youngsters involved. There was a time—still vivid in my mind, too—when I came close to being a juvenile delinquent myself. That was years ago, when I was living in Rochester, and it all began late one summer afternoon on the playground of the old Dewey Avenue School, not far from my parents' home, on Bryan Street.

I wasn't going to that particular school at the time; I was, in fact, in my first year at West High School, over on the other side of town. Anyway, the big, old-fashioned school, three stories high, built of red brick, and rambling, had a playground to match its size. Two blocks long on each side, the playground had room for football or, interchangeably, soccer or baseball; it had a couple of tennis courts, too, as well as swings, teeter-totters, and suchlike for younger children, and that summer a group of us older boys had more or less taken it over.

I can't recall now quite how that happened, if indeed I ever did know, for I was new in the neighborhood. It may have been the outgrowth of a vogue for tennis we all had at that period that drew us to the courts there; it may have been a kind of culmination of those wayward, mysterious impulses that drive boys in their early and middle teens to form coteries—tight, clannish, partly clandestine, and as ephemeral, usually, as the boys themselves think them to be everlasting. Partly, certainly, it was due to the heady feeling the move up from grade school to high school had given us; we were well on our way to being men now, we thought, and were automatically entitled to lord it over the lesser fellows.

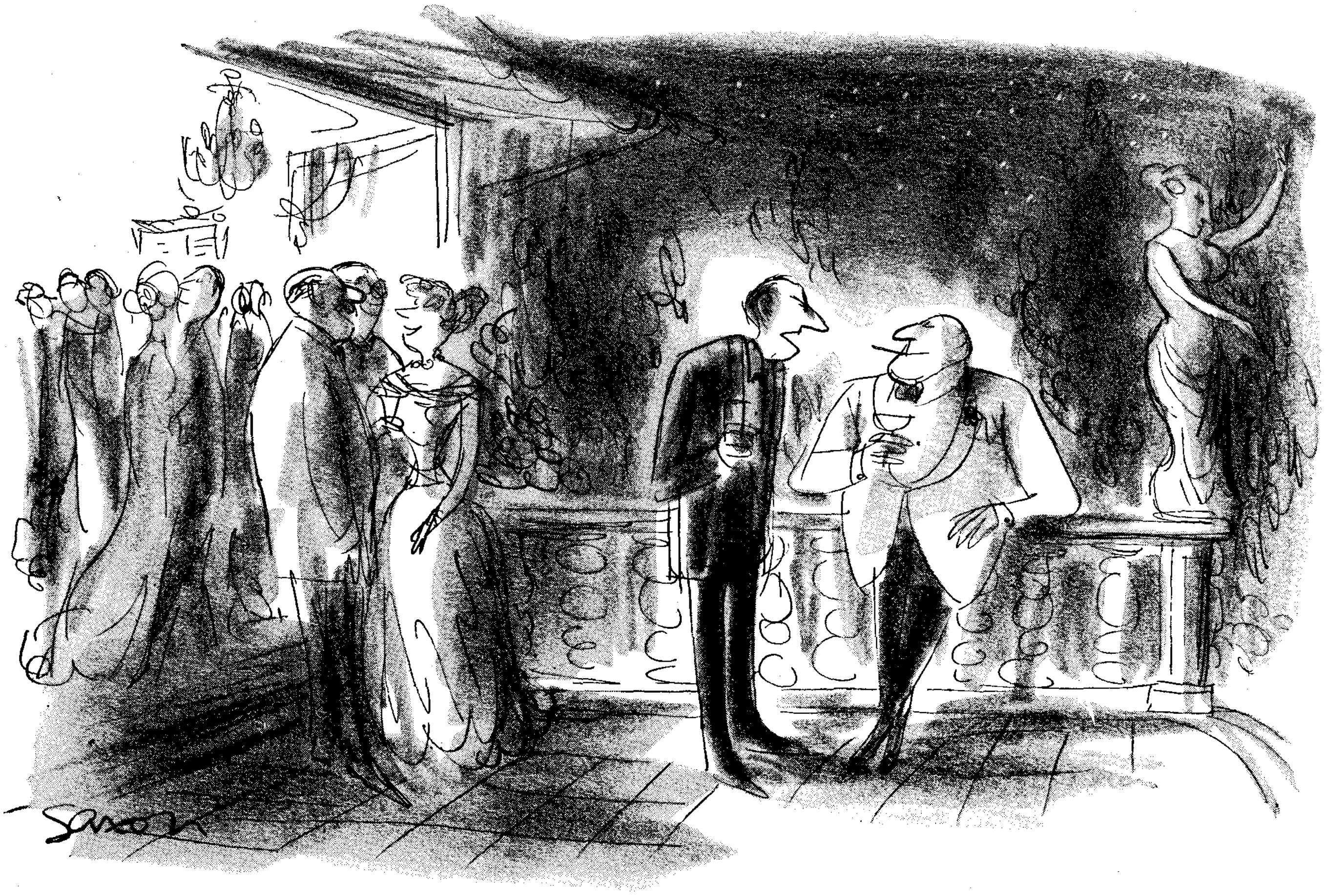
At all events, some eight or nine of us—Charlie Bowman, Paul Benedict, Bill Ingle, Wallie Blaine (these are all the names that come back to me at the moment)—really "owned" the playground that summer. There was no such thing as a playground director in those simple days. Old Mr. Roach, the school janitor—a gray, spidery, taciturn Ulsterman—was supposed, I believe, to be technically in charge. But he was never a man to overexert himself, and besides it was summer, and hence, in some sense, a vacation time for him, too; about all he did was to put out the tennis nets and the rest of the playground equipment in the morning and leave a door open into the cellar for us to put them away at night. Otherwise, we were pretty much untrammelled; we ran the younger kids' baseball games, bossed their other activities, and, preempting the courts without question, played tennis, tennis endlessly.

We'd play mornings and afternoons, and if we could get home and get through our dinners fast enough, we'd be back in the early evening playing tennis again, until the ball was literally one with the dusk and the only way you could follow it was by keeping your eyes on it constantly; if you looked away from it even for a few seconds, it was immediately invisible. Afterward—summer days in Rochester's latitude are long, and the onset of evening is gradual—we lingered, playing games of cross tag that lapsed in the middle or veered into horseplay, or just lying on the grassy ground and talking.

There was a clump of young trees at one edge of the tennis courts, more or less in the middle of the area, where we usually gathered; otherwise, the playground was fairly barren, all turf and trodden earth. But its very size made it seem almost parklike, and this gave it a certain feeling of isolation, too. Facing it, all around, were the neat two-story homes that were typical of that part of Rochester, shingled or clapboarded, each with its concrete driveway leading back to the garage at the rear, its stretch of lawn and its clump of arborvitae, its dormered roof and wide, shadowy porch, and with now, as the evening deepened, its downstairs windows—hall, dining room, living room, kitchen—being lighted.

They were our homes, or if they were not ours in actuality, ours being on different streets here and there in the neighborhood, they were ours in essence, and we knew well enough what went on inside them—the daughter playing the phonograph, perhaps, while the father sat reading, the mother out in the kitchen, putting dishes away or readying things for tomorrow's breakfast. But their distance gave them a look of unreality and us a feeling of remoteness; they were the far façade of a different world, the world of grownups and family, and familiar and pleasant as that world was—and comfortable, too—we lingered still on the playground, putting off the moment when by merely running up a few short steps and opening a door we would be plunged back into it.

I DON'T think our parents minded our haunting the playground in the way we did. For one thing, I suppose they felt at least that they "knew where we were." If any of them decided suddenly on some project for the evening—the movies, perhaps, or just a drive out to Lake Ontario (in that gentler time, when traffic was no problem and the motorcar still something of an adventure, people often made little evening excursions like that)—they would drive up to the curb by the playground, sound their horn, and wait till the son, recognizing the family car, ran down to join them. Yet it has only now struck me that, except for our innocence, and the



"You know it's true. Why don't you admit it? You're living a lie."

• •

protection our middle-class background gave us from any contact with real criminality, we were actually a "gang," or we had the makings of one—as, one night, to our own surprise, we discovered.

That was when we raided the Boy Scout camp, and this began one afternoon when Wallie Blaine mentioned, possibly a bit self-importantly, that he had to go home early; he was camping out with his troop that night. Even then, everything would have been all right if it hadn't been Wallie who said it. For Wallie—short, fat, and bumbling, and just pettish enough to give spice to the sport of tormenting him—was not so much a member of our group as the butt of it. I don't think we'd known he was a Boy Scout till then, and the picture of him—at his age, too, for we felt that we'd all outgrown such childish pursuits—still running around in a scarf and sombrero, khaki shorts and blouse, with a knapsack over his shoulder, was, to us anyway, irresistible.

We kidded him about it, if the kind of heavy-handed verbal mauling boys of that age go in for can be called kidding.

"Gee, Wallie! Aren't you scared? Suppose the tent falls in."

"It won't. I thought everybody knew how to pitch a tent."

And he told us that the rest of the boys in the troop were young; he was a kind of assistant to the Scoutmaster.

"What do you do when they want to go to the bathroom, Wallie?" we asked. "Do you have to go with them?"

Even after he'd left—in a huff, of course—the idea of Wallie in a Boy Scout troop, and our sallies about it, still convulsed us, and before we went home for dinner, we had decided to go out that evening and take a look at Wallie's encampment.

That's a simple statement, on the face of it, and yet there is a mystery about it; even now, in my mind, it's hard to reconcile such an excursion with the usual round of our life that summer. For if the playground was, in a way, our escape, it was also our tether. More than that, the neighborhood enclosed us, and so did our age, and our age's inclinations. Later, just a year or so later, we were to be bored with tennis, and our tight tribal feeling would be beginning to evaporate, too. Girls would occupy us more by that time, and, borrowing a family car, we'd be taking them on wider excursions, making foursomes to go to the band concerts in Maplewood Park, or the roller-coaster rides at Sea Breeze, out at the lake front—and then driving home slowly, tentatively amorous, through the cool, pale, moonlit evenings. This, though, was the farthest we'd ever wandered afield until then, and I can only explain it as a step in a new direction. It was a gesture of revolt, perhaps—for I'm sure none of us told his parents where he was going—and a venturing toward independence, manliness, too; it was the beginning of a change.

We went out, anyway, on the Dewey Avenue trolley, for Wallie, poor fellow, had even told us where the camp was to be—on a farm a half mile or so outside town, beyond the trolley-line terminus. The odd thing, too, is that the farther we went the more ganglike we became. We skylarked on the trolley till the passengers glared; and when we came to the little settlement on the Ridge Road, at the terminus, we marched through it yelling and singing—singing, I'm afraid, nothing more desperate than our own West High School songs.

Approaching the farm, though, we quieted; and as we sighted the camp at

"Hey, Pete, come in here and get a load of the '58 Chevy."

• •

last—a ring of pup tents in a hollow, some aglow, paper-lantern-like, with a lamp inside, some still canvas-white and ghostly, and with a bonfire at the center of the circle—it was by common agreement that we dropped back and then, cautiously, at first crouching and finally on our hands and knees, began working our way across the field on the small bluff above.

We had been an ordinary group of boys at the playground; a gang on the trolley; now we were sharpshooters reconnoitring the enemy, and when we got to the edge of the field and could look down on the scene below—a few boys, Wallie among them, sitting around the campfire, others washing their mess kits in the stream that flowed through the hollow or moving about here and there—I think we all had a taste of that tight, secret pleasure spies must have, of being the all-seeing, unsuspected witnesses, observing but unobserved.

A moment later, we were Indians as—again, as far as I can recall, on a common impulse—we jumped up and ran shrieking down upon them.

Even now, our intentions, if a bit scatterbrained, were innocent. We were showing off, of course, and surely we did hope to startle them. But we felt that somehow, beyond all our shouting and so on, we'd be known, we'd be *recognized*—as on our wildest Halloween escapades, for example, beneath our most fantastic disguises, we were recognized in our own neighborhood as just boys on a rampage, and harmless.

This time, though, we weren't. We were outside our neighborhood, to begin with; more than that, we hadn't considered the suddenness of our onslaught and its effect on a bunch of small boys camping out in the lonely dark of the countryside. Nor, I must add, had we counted on the timidity of the Scoutmaster.

What ensued, anyway, went far beyond anything we could have expected. There was an instant's hush as we burst in, and a startled staring—and then turmoil and confusion, and on such a scale that I can remember it only glancingly: a boy's face flaring up at mine and then vanishing, and behind him a tent going down and then another; a crisscrossing of flashlight beams and a frantic yelling; figures leaping and darting across the light of the fire and then past it into the darkness—and then silence and emptiness, in which we were left, aghast, now, ourselves, at the havoc we'd wrought, calling plaintively "Wallie! Wallie!" out into the deepening night. "Listen, Wallie, it's just us!"

In a minute or two, they all came straggling back.

But our adventures were not over yet; instead, from then on, trouble piled on trouble. The boys forgave us at once; indeed—boys are elastic at that age—the whole episode only added a touch of novelty to their night outdoors. The Scoutmaster, though, took a darker view of the proceedings. He was a sandy-haired, pale, rather scrawny man, as I remember him, and we figured he must have run farther than the rest at our onslaught, for he was the last to return. When he did, it was to order us off the place immediately.

He was quite justified in that, of course; without meaning to, we had acted like a bunch of young ruffians. What he failed to tell us was that when *he* had run away he had made a good job of it. He had run all the way to the farmhouse on the property and had phoned the Rochester police—and the farmer, pending their arrival, had offered to round up some friends, in a kind of makeshift posse, to come to the rescue meanwhile. We didn't know—we didn't even suspect—what a chain of alarm we had waked, out there in the country evening, until, shuffling off down the road, depressed and considerably chastened, we ran head on into the posse, coming toward us.

All this happened, as I've said, years ago, and I find that, in my own mind, at least, distant memories such as this tend to fall into separate episodes, each one vivid in itself but pretty much isolated, so that the whole experience is, so to speak, skeletonized into a series of dramatic but largely unrelated flashes. Thus, I can recall—in that odd, oblique way in which one figures both as an observer and as a participant—our long, lazy evenings on the playground; I can see us marching through the village street, with its scattering of white-painted houses; and I can see, and feel, too, the excitement and tension of our charge down on the encampment.

Even more clearly still, I can recall the look of that group of men, dark, hostile—most of all, anonymous—bunched against the white gravel road, as they advanced upon us. What they'd expected to find themselves up against I have no way of knowing, but they had obviously prepared for the worst, because one man had a shotgun and a couple had clubs, and another actually had a pitchfork; it was the pitchfork that scared me most. And it occurs to me, now, that quite possibly they were as frightened as we were, for when a voice came out of the group—"Stop right where you are, now!" it called—it was a little shaky. We didn't stop; we just cut and ran.

After that, it was everyone for himself. I remember racing across fields and scrambling, stumbling, over fences. In the next scene—the next of any clarity, that is—I am walking along the Ridge Road. I have somehow joined forces with another boy—as I recall it, it's Bill Ingle—and if we had been part of a gang earlier, it was a gang long since dispersed; if we were hoodlums once, we are now singularly dispirited ones, and lost, too, at least in the sense that we daren't go back through the village to the trolley line, and have no idea how we are going to make our way home in any other fashion.

We were waifs, really, Bill and I, and it was late by then, really late, and dark. When a car came up behind us and, instead of passing, stopped, with its headlights full upon—well, we felt, or I did, anyway, that the ultimate doom was upon us.

We made a jump, instinctively, for the side of the road. But as we did so, a spotlight caught us, and a man cried "Stop!" We stopped. A moment later, the car was beside us. It was a police car, all right—we could tell that by the uniform of the driver. But the man who leaned out from the seat beside him was in plain clothes—a neat blue suit and a straw hat tipped well back from a round, cheerful face. It may have been some psychological reaction on my part, but he looked surprisingly like my father, and his voice was, equally surprisingly, friendly.

"Where you heading for, kids?" he demanded—and we told him, into the city.

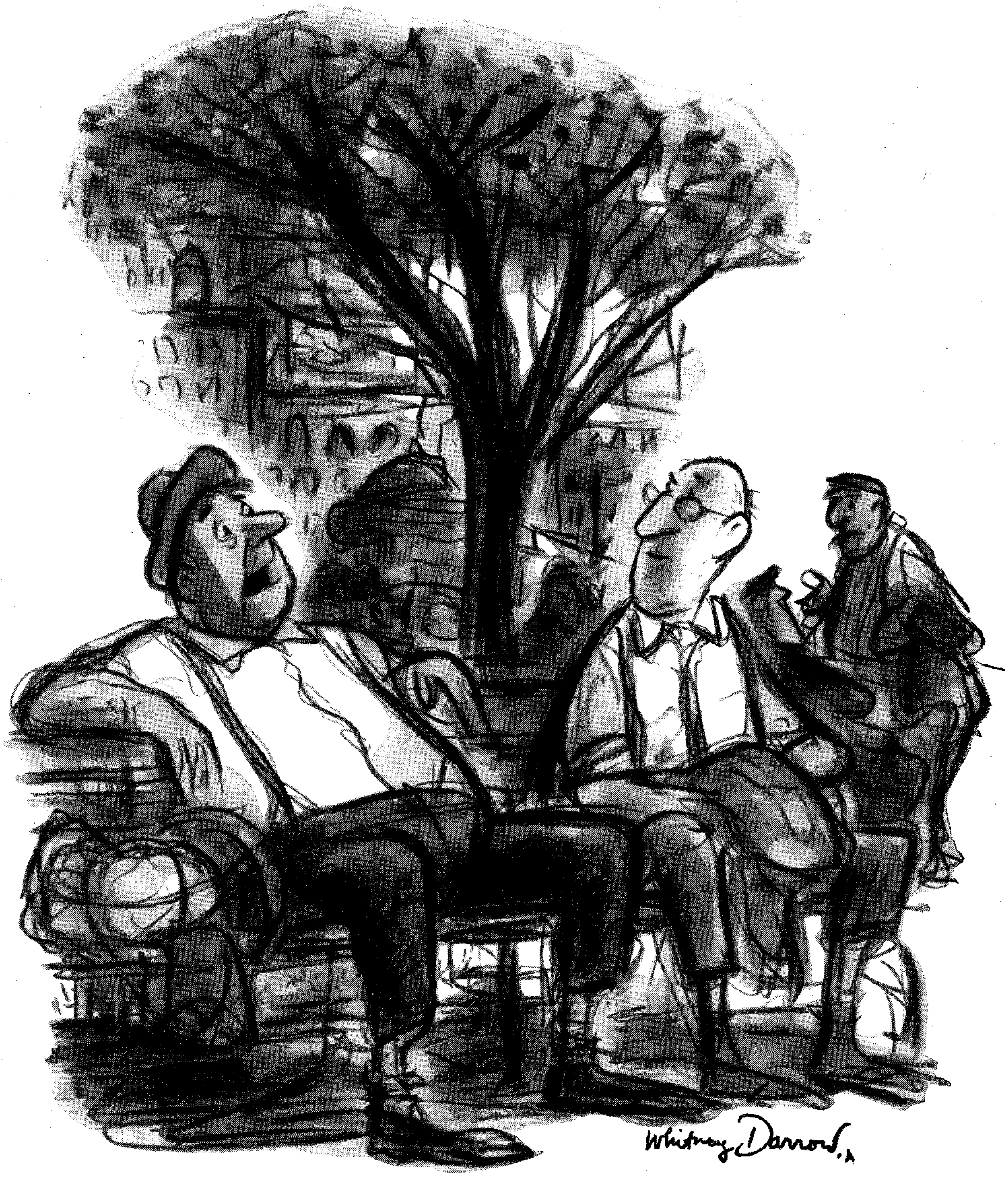
"Yeah, but where?" And I said Bryan Street. Bill Ingle, I suppose, said Hollis Avenue. The man studied us for a moment. He seemed to be in no hurry to get out the handcuffs.

"Well, climb in, then," he said, and he reached back to unlatch the rear door. "We're going that way ourselves. Give you a lift." We got in. What else was there to do?

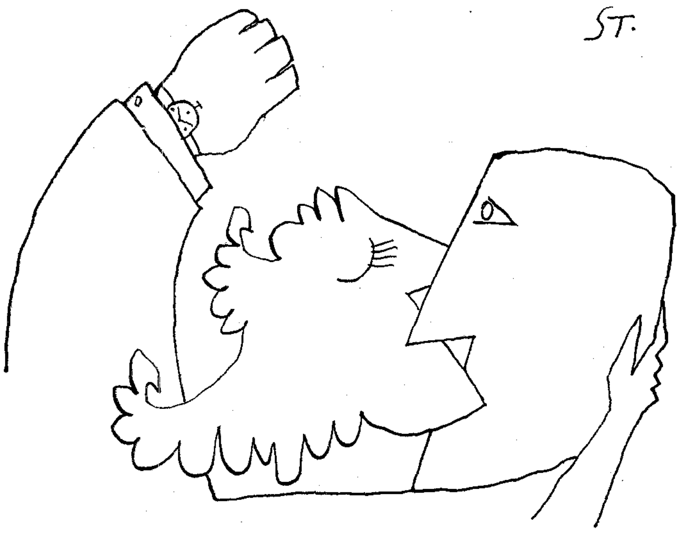
"How'd you get out here, anyway?" he asked next. (Though I can't remember his exact words, I can recall the sense of them.)

"We were walking."

"Kind of a long walk, wasn't it?" he said, and we answered, truthfully, yes. "Funny thing," he went on after that. "We had a call from out around here,


Whitney Darrow, Jr.

"Then I put every cent I had into this factory capable of turning out fifteen thousand 3-D glasses a day."



to Police Headquarters. From a Boy Scout camp. Seems the camp was raided." The man twisted around in his seat to look at us. "You wouldn't know anything about that, I suppose?"

Oh, no sir, we told him. I think we felt, even then, that he knew all there was to know about us, but it seemed the only way to answer. Anyway, he seemed to accept it. "I guess not," he went on, nodding comfortably. "These were real roughnecks, from what they tell me—not your kind of fellows at all. Broke the camp up." We stiffened. "Tore the tents down. Beat the kids up—little kids, too," he went on, in his placid recital, while Bill and I looked at each other. "And to top that off, know what they did? They stole the Scoutmaster's watch and wallet!"

"That's not so!" Bill cried, and I hope I echoed him.

The man turned around farther in his seat and gazed at us. "Oh?" he said.

We, of course, were quaking. We had given ourselves away, at last. The man—he had already told us he was a detective—seemed not to notice. "Well, you know," he went on, "it turns out you're right. Seems the Scoutmaster lost his head, sort of, in the excitement, and forgot where he'd put the blamed things. But they turned up all right; they were under his pillow, in the end. There was a fellow out there—Walter, Wallie, Wallie something—said he knew the fellows. Funny, you being out here, right in the neighborhood, with all this going on, and not knowing anything about it. Do you know Wallie Blaine?" he demanded.

"Yes," I said. "Well, yes, in a way."

He nodded. "Well, you know, it's a good thing to stay out of things like that. You know, kids, even your age, old enough to know better, they get all steamed up once in a while. They get a little bit too big for their breeches. And then, the first thing you know, they're in a jam." The car had made a turn or two, and then had driven straightaway; we were in familiar territory now, going down Dewey Avenue. "Kids like you, even, kids of good families. Do your folks know where you are tonight?"

"No, sir."

"No? Why not? Were you visiting friends out there?"

"Well, we were going to. But—"

Again, he made no attempt to entrap us. "Sure," he said. The car had halted at the corner of Bryan. "You're near enough here, too, aren't you?" he asked Bill. "We'll let you both out here."

It was the time for a lecture if there ever was one. But instead, he just sat there a moment, quietly looking at me. And by now the man's calm—and yet knowing, knowing—acquiescence in all our little deceptions had piled up in my mind till it had the ominous implications of a thundercloud. Surely, surely—like a teacher trying to pry through our reticences, like any other of our grown-up inquisitors—he would crack down on us now! And the fact that he didn't, that he let our small evasions lie like an open secret between us, gave a man-to-man atmosphere to our relations. He was treating us, really, like men, and in so doing, subtly, he had put a responsibility on us not to act like children any more. And then I—but I couldn't help it—reverted to the small-boy status.

"Did they catch any of the other fellows?" I asked.

"What other fellows?"

"The ones in the gang."

"Did I say anything about a gang?"

"Well, you know. I mean—"

"You mean the ones with the Boy Scouts and all that? That, a gang?" He turned to the driver, who snickered. And then, answering my question, "I wouldn't know. All I know is that we were the only car that went out there. So I guess the others must be walking home. Do 'em good, too," he added as the car drove away.

MY last recollection of that long-ago evening is a little meagre, and again it forms a picture at least partly out of context with the rest. I must have run the half block or so to our house from where the police car had left me—the street dark and quiet, and the houses, set back on their neat individual lawns, beginning to go dark, too, or having only their bedroom windows lighted. And I must have been scared, going up the front walk and up the porch steps, for in our house the downstairs windows were lit, as I'd known they'd be. My father and mother were waiting up for me; and, when they asked me where I had been, either from scaredness, or more likely in reaction to it—put simply, just the feeling of being safe home again—I came right out with the whole story.

My mother was horrified, particularly at the fact that I'd been brought home in a police car, but my father took it more casually. Indeed, the clearest picture I have of that phase of the adventure is of him sitting in the high-backed old brown leather easy chair that he always sat in, in the space beside the bay window, with his opened book turned face down on his lap, looking back and forth between my mother and me, and laughing. "Oh, he's all right," he told her. "Kids have got to cut loose once in a while. It's a sign that they're growing up." I remember his saying that (he had his store of stories about his own boyhood escapades), but I'm not sure now what it was he was laughing at—at the fiasco at the camp or the one in the road later, at the fact that the detective had looked like him, or just the fact that we'd felt impelled to embark on such an adventure. All I know is that, although his laughter piqued me a little, it was at the same time curiously reassuring, and in the end I found myself laughing, too. —ROBERT M. COATES

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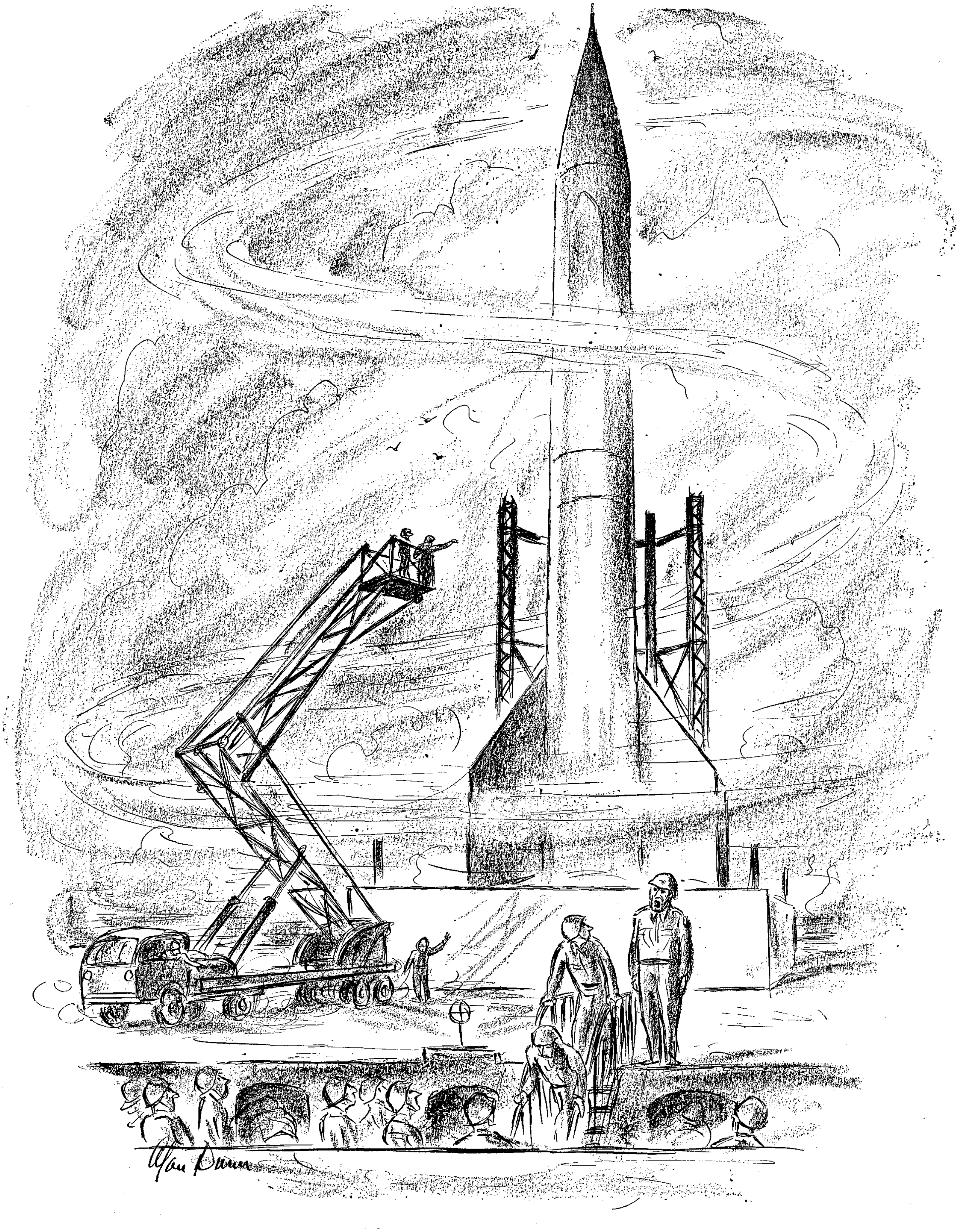
AT A SUMMER HOTEL

I am here with my beautiful bountiful downy womanful child,
to be soothed by the sea—not roused by these roses roving wild!
My girl is gold in the sun and bold in the dazzling water;
she drowses on the blond sand, and in the daisy fields my daughter
dreams. Uneasy in the drafty shade, I rock on the veranda,
reminded of Europa . . . Persephone . . . Miranda.

—ISABELLA GARDNER



"This time, no matter what happens, I don't want to hear anyone say, 'Nice try'!"

MORE FRIEND THAN LODGER

AS soon as Henry spoke of his publishing firm's new author, Rodney Galt, I knew that I should dislike him. "It's rather a feather in my cap to have got him for our list," Henry said. The firm, of which he is a junior partner, has offices in Bloomsbury, and is called Brodrick Layland—which, as a name, is surely a feather in no one's cap, but that by the way. "I think Harkness were crazy to let him go," Henry said, "because although 'Cuckoo' wasn't a great money spinner, it was very well thought of indeed. But that's typical of Harkness. They think of nothing but sales."

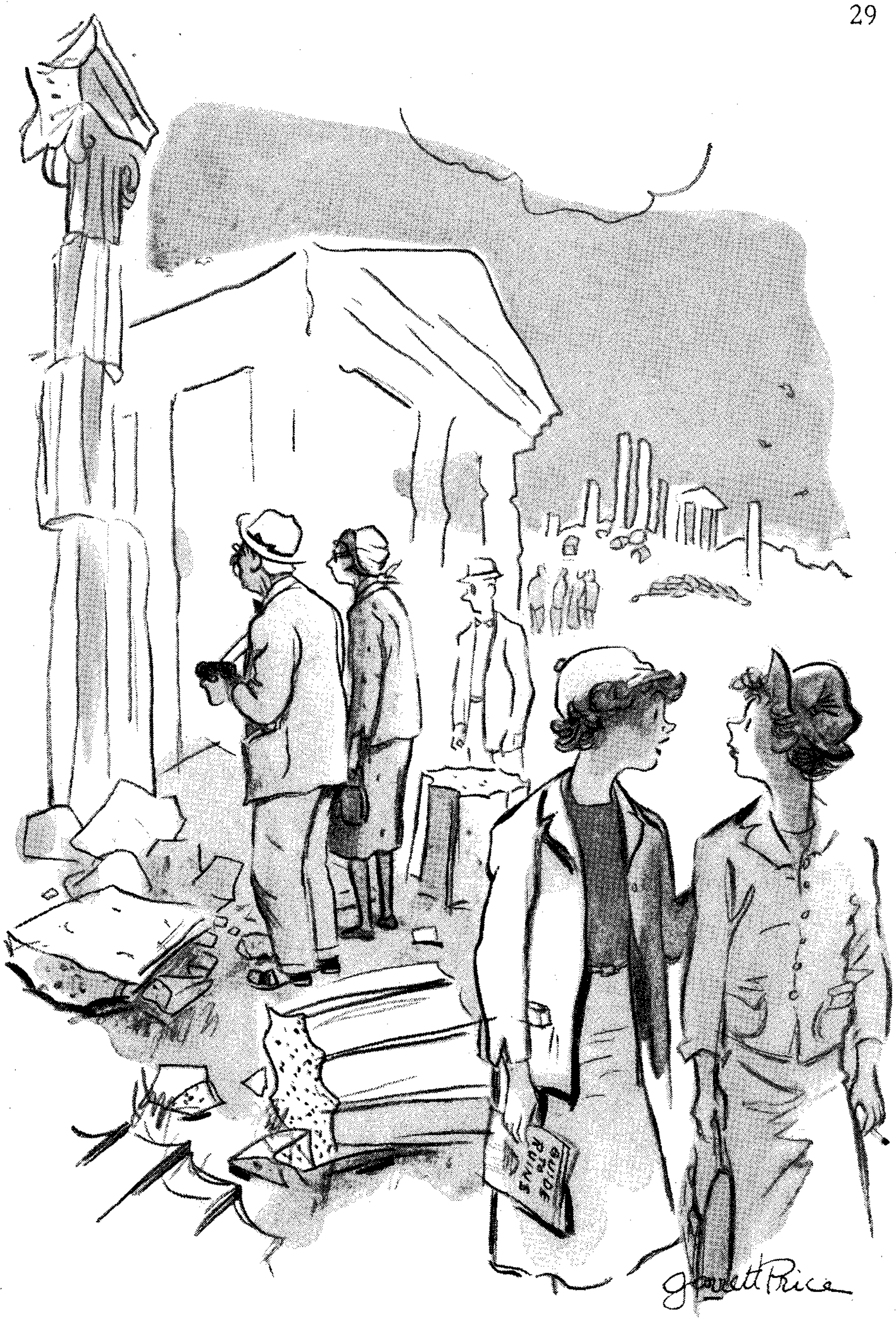
I may say, for those who don't know my husband Henry, that this speech was very typical of *him*, because, first, I should imagine most publishers think a lot about sales, and if Brodrick Layland don't then I'm sorry to hear it, and, second, Henry would never naturally use expressions like "a great money spinner," but since he's gone into publishing he thinks he ought to sound a bit like a businessman, and he doesn't really know how. The kind of thing that comes natural to Henry to say is that somebody or something is "very well thought of indeed," which doesn't sound like a businessman to anyone, I imagine. But what Henry is like ought to emerge from my story, if I'm able to write it at all. And I must in fairness add that my comments about him probably tell quite a lot about me; for example, he isn't by any means mostly interested in the money in publishing but much more in "building up a good list," so his comment on Harkness wasn't hypocritical. As his wife, I know this perfectly well, but I've got into the habit of talking like that about him.

Henry went on to tell me about "Cuckoo." It was not either a novel (which one might have thought) or a book about birds or lunatics (which was less likely, although it's the kind of thing I might have pretended to think in order to annoy him). No, "Cuckoo" was an anthology, and a history of cuckolds famous in fact and fiction. Rodney Galt, it seemed, had a great reputation—not as a cuckold, for he was single, but as a seducer—and although his book's title might suggest otherwise, his victories were not only, or even mainly, among married women. He was particularly successful, as a matter of fact, at seducing younger daughters and debs. Henry told me all this in a special, offhand sort of voice intended to suggest that at Brodrick Layland they took that sort of thing for granted. Once again, I'm being bitchy—because, of course, if I had said "Come off it, Henry," or words to that effect, he would have changed his tone immediately. But I did not see why I should, because among our acquaintances we do number a few, though not many, seducers of virgins, and if I made Henry change his tone it would suggest that he was *quite* unfamiliar with such a phenomenon. Fairness and truth are my greatest difficulties in life.

To return to Rodney Galt—Henry said that the book he was going to write for Brodrick Layland was to be called "Honour and Civility," and, again, it was not to be a novel. Rodney Galt used the words "Honour" and "Civility" in a special sense—some would say an archaic sense, but he did not see it that way, because he preferred not to recognize the changes that had taken place in the English language in the last hundred years or so. "Honour," for him, meant "the thing that is most precious to a man," but not in the sense that the Victorians meant by saying that honour was the thing most precious to a woman. Rodney Galt, from what I could gather, would have liked to see men still killing each other in duels for their honour, and offering civilities to one another in the shape of snuff and suchlike before they did so. He believed in "living dangerously" and in what is called "high courage"—exemplified preferably in sports and combats that were of long standing. He was, therefore, against motor racing, and even more against "track," but in favor of bullfighting and perhaps pelota; he was also against dog racing but in favor of baccarat for high stakes. The book, however, was not to be just one of those books that used to be called things like "Twelve Rakes" or "Twenty Famous Dandies." It was to be more philosophical than they were, involving the author's whole view of society, and explicating what, in Mr. Galt's view, constituted the patrician life.

I told Henry that I did not care for the sound of Mr. Galt. Henry only smiled, however, and said, "I warn you

"Well, it's the perfect crime so far."



"They should talk."

that he's a snob, but on such a colossal scale and with such *panache* that one can't take exception to it."

I told Henry firmly that I was not the kind of woman who could see things on such a large scale as that, and also that if, as I suspected from his saying "I warn you," he intended to invite Rodney Galt to the house, only the strictest business necessity would reconcile me to it.

"There *is* the strictest business necessity," Henry said, and added, "Don't be put off by his matinée-idol looks. He's indecently good-looking."

Henry giggled when he said this, for he knew that he had turned the tables on me. He used to believe—his mother taught him the idea—that no women like men to be extremely good-looking. He knows different now, because I have told him again and again that I would not have married him if he had not been very handsome himself. His mother's code, however, dies hard with him, and even now I suspect he thinks that if his nose had not been broken at school, I should have found him too perfect.

Reading over what I have written, I see that it must appear as though Henry and I live on very whimsical terms, gilding the pill of our daily disagreements with a lot of private jokes and "sparring" and, generally, rather ghastly arch behavior. We do it with no conscious intent, however. Henry and I have reasonable proportions of sense of humor, but no more. He gets his, which is dry, from his mother. My parents had no vestige of humor; my father was too busy getting rich, and my mother was too busy unsuccessfully trying to crash county society. But it *is* true that Henry and I, in our five years of marriage, have built up a lot of private joking and whimsical talking, and I can offer what seem to be some good reasons for it. First, there is what anyone would pick on—that our marriage is childless—which, I think, is really the least of the possible reasons; it certainly is with me, although it may count with Henry more than he can say. The second is that everything counts with Henry more than he can say. "Discerning" people who know Henry and his mother—and, indeed, all the rest of the Ravens—usually say that they are shy beneath their sharp manner. I don't quite believe this; I think it's just that they find it easier to be sharp, so that other people can't overstep the mark of intimacy and intrude too far on their interior lives. You can tell from the way Henry's mother shuts her eyes when she meets people that she has an interior life, and actually she is a devout Anglican. And Henry has an interior life, which he has somehow or other put into his publishing. Well, anyhow, Henry's manner, shy or not, makes me shy, and I've got much more whimsical since I knew him.

But also there's my own attitude to our marriage. I can only sum it up by saying that it's like the attitude of almost everyone in England today toward almost everything. I worked desperately hard to get out of the insecurity of my family—which in this case was not economic, because they're fairly rich and left me quite a little money of my own, but social—and when I married Henry, I loved every minute of it, because the Ravens are quite secure in their own way, which Henry's mother calls "good country middle-class, June dear, and no more." And if that security is threatened for a moment I rush back to it for safety, but most of the time, when it's not in danger, I keep longing for more adventure in life, and a wider scope and more variety, and even greater risks and perils. Well, this feeling about our marriage makes me uneasy with Henry, and I keep him at a humorous distance. And he, knowing it, keeps me at one all the more.

TO return once again to Rodney Galt—Henry did, in fact, invite him to dinner a week after our conversation about him. He was not, of course, as bad as Henry had made out—that is to say, as I have sketched above—because that description was part of

Henry's ironical teasing of me. However, he was pretty bad. He said ghastly things in an Olympian way—not with humor, like Henry and me, but with "wit," which is always rather awful. Still, I must admit that even at that first dinner I didn't mind Rodney's wit too much, partly because he had the most lovely speaking voice (I don't know why one says "speaking voice," as though most of one's friends used recitative), very deep and resonant, which always "sends" me, and partly because he introduced his ghastly views in a way that made them seem better than they were. For example:

Henry said, "I imagine that a good number of your best friends are Jews, Galt."

And Rodney raised his eyebrows and said, "Good heavens, why?"

And Henry answered, "Most anti-Semitic people make that claim."

And Rodney said, "I suppose that's why I'm not anti-Semitic. I can't imagine knowing any Jews. When would it arise? Oh, I suppose when one's buying pictures or objects, but then that's hardly *knowing*. It's simply one of the necessities. Or, of course, if one went to Palestine, but then that's hardly a necessity."

And I said, "What about Disraeli? He made the Tory party of today." (I said this with a side glance at Henry, because he used, then, to describe himself as a Tory Democrat, although since Suez he has said that he had not realized how deeply Liberalism ran in his veins.)

Rodney said, "What makes you speak of such unpleasant things?"

And I asked, "Aren't you a Tory, then?"

And he answered, "I favor a return to the wise policies of King George the Third, if that's what you mean."

Henry said, "Oh! But what about the Suez Canal and the British Empire? Disraeli made those."

And Rodney looked distant and remarked, "The British Empire, even at its height, was never more than a convenient outlet for the middle-class high-mindedness of Winchester and Rugby. The plantations and the penal colonies, of course, were a different matter." Then he went straight on and said, "The thing that pleases me most about coming to Brodrick Layland is your book production, Raven. I do like to feel that what I have written, if it is worth publishing at all, deserves a comely presentation."

This, of course, was very gratifying to Henry. They talked about books—or, rather, the appearance of books—for some time. It appeared that Rodney was a great collector of books, as he was of so many other things—porcelain, enamels, Byzantine ivories, and Central American carvings. He was quick to tell us that, of course, with his modest income he had to leave the big things alone, and that—again with his modest income—it was increasingly difficult to pick up anything worth having, but it could be done. He left us, somehow, with the impression that he would not really have cared for the big things anyway, and that his income could not be as modest as all that. "Heaven defend me," he said, "from having the money to buy those tedious delights of the pedants—incunables. No, the little Elzevirs are my particular favorites—the decent classical authors, charmingly produced. I have a delightful little Tully, and the only erotica worth possessing, Ovid's 'Amores.'"

It was in talking of Ovid that Rodney said something that gave me a clue to my feelings about him.

"I know of no more moving thing in literature than Ovid's lament, as an exile, for Rome," he said. "It's just how any civilized Englishman today must feel when, chained to his native land, he thinks of the Mediterranean—or almost anywhere else outside England, for that matter." He smiled as he said it. Of course, it was the most awful, pretentious way of talking, but I do so often feel I would rather be almost anywhere than in England that he made me feel guilty for not being as honest as he was.

It seemed, however, that, after a great deal of travel in a great many places, he *was* now for some time to be chained to his native land. He had, he said, a lot of family business to do. He was looking out for a house something like ours. He even hinted—it was the only hint of his commercially venturesome side that he gave that evening—at the possibility of his buying a number of houses, as an investment. Meanwhile, he was staying with Lady Ann Denton. I ventured to suggest that this might be a little too much of a good thing, but he smiled and said that she was a very old friend—which, although it rather put me in my place, gave him a good mark for loyalty. Henry scolded me afterward and told me that Rodney was having an affair with Lady Ann. This surprised and disconcerted me. Lady Ann is old—over forty—and very knocked-about and ginny. She has an amusing, malicious tongue and a heart of gold. Sometimes I accept her tongue because of her heart, and sometimes I put up with her heart because of her tongue. Sometimes I can't stand either. But, as you will have already seen, my attitude toward people is rather ambiguous. Still, Henry is very fond of her. She

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IN HER SONG SHE IS ALONE

Followed the bird in the long forest where it cried,
From paths stepped into the stone shade,
Where the quick, frightened song was heard
Taking its beauty from that solitude,
Its heightened calling rising in the wood.

No path led; hard to discover
Direction with light lost in the leaves' stir.
The only sounds were bird and the lost river
Sunk under fern and flowing under
Root and foot; then sang again, farther, farther.

Nothing lovelier than that lonely call,
Bare and singular, like a gull,
And three notes or four, then that was all.
It drew up from the quiet like a well,
Waited, sang, and, vanishing, was still.

And tall the night came down the limbs,
The trunks descending, and the stems,
To darkness gathered where she comes:
The pool. And by those growing streams
I listened, beyond mourning, for her wings.

—Jon Swan

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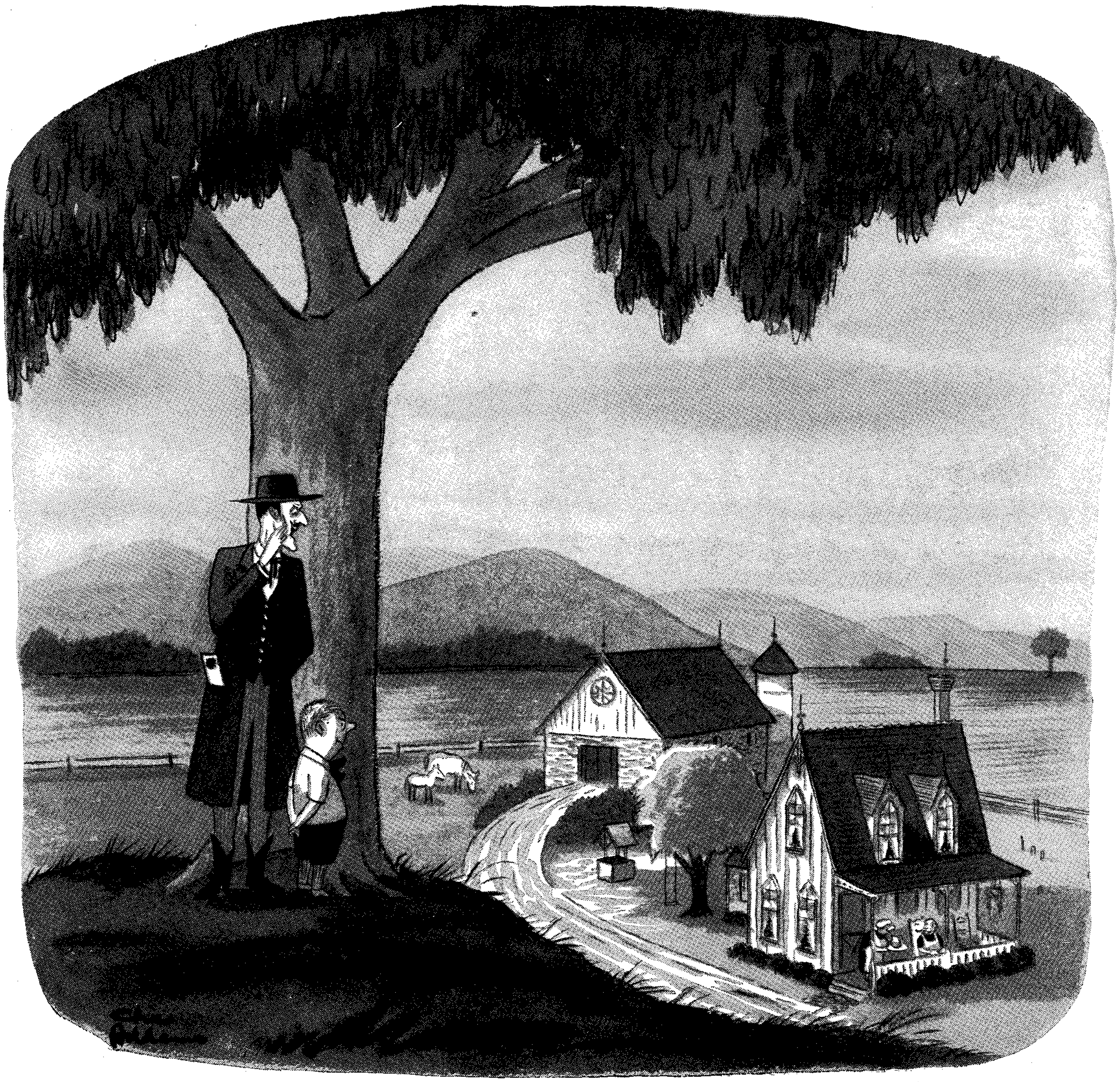

"Someday, Son, this will all be yours."

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makes him feel broadminded, which he likes very much.

Rodney and I had it out, a little, about snobbery, that evening. "Heavens! I should hope so," he said when I accused him of being a social snob. "It's one of the few furies worth having that are left to us—little opportunity though the modern world allows of finding anyone worth cultivating. There still do exist a few families, however, even in this country. It lends shape to my life, as it did to Proust's."

I said that though it had lent shape to Proust's work, I wasn't so sure about his life.

"In any case," Rodney said, with a purposeful parody of a self-satisfied smile, "art and life are one." Then he burst out laughing, and said, "Really, I've excelled myself this evening! It's your delicious food."

Looking back once more at what I have written, I see that I said Rodney wasn't as bad as Henry made out, but everything I have reported him as saying is quite pretentious and awful. The truth is that it was his smile and his good looks that made it seem all right. Henry had said that he was like a matinée idol, but this is a ridiculous expression for nowadays (whatever it may have been in the days of Henry's mother), because no one could go to a matinée, with all those gray-haired old ladies up from the country rattling tea trays, and feel sexy about anything. But Rodney was like all the best film stars rolled into one, and yet the kind of person it wasn't surprising to meet—and these, taken together, surely make a very sexy combination.

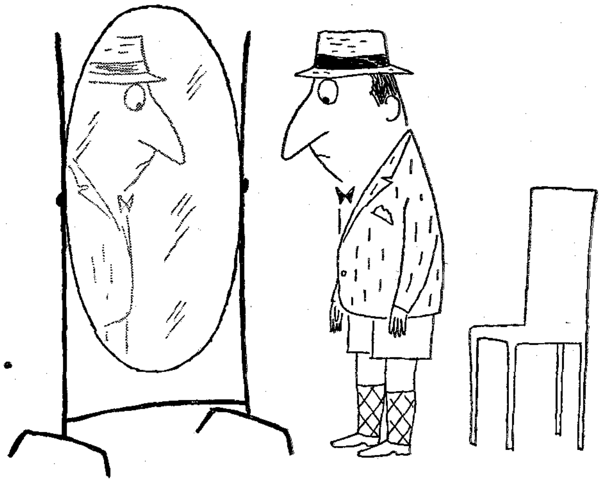
It was clear, that evening, that Henry liked him very much, too. Not for that reason, of course; Henry hasn't ever even thought about having feelings of that kind, I'm glad to say. As a matter of fact, Henry doesn't have sexy feelings much, anyway. No, that's quite unfair and bitchy of me again. Of course he has sexy feelings, but he has them at definite times, and the rest of the time such things don't come into his head. Whereas I don't ever have such strong sexy feelings as he has, but I have some of them all the time. This is a contrast that tends to make things difficult.

No, I could see at once the reason Henry liked *him*, and as soon as Rodney had left, I said, "Well, he's quite your cup of tea, isn't he? He's been everywhere and knows a lot about everything." I said the last sentence as if it were in quotation marks, because it's one of Henry's favorite expressions of admiration, and I often tease him about it. It isn't very surprising he should use it, because he went to Charterhouse, and then, in the last two years of the war, he went to Italy, and then he went to The Queen's College, Oxford, and then he went into Brodrick Layland. So *he* hasn't been everywhere. As a matter of fact, he does know quite a lot about quite a number of things, but as soon as he knows something, he thinks it can't be very important.

We agreed, then, that Rodney Galt was quite awful in most ways but that we rather liked him all the same.

IN the weeks that followed, Henry seemed to see a good deal of Rodney Galt. He put him up for his club. I was rather surprised that Rodney should want to be a member of Henry's club, which is rather dull and literary. I had imagined him belonging to a great many clubs of a much grander kind already. Henry explained that he did, in fact, belong to a lot of others, but that he had been abroad so much he had lost touch with them and their worlds. I thought that was very odd, too, because I imagined that the point of clubs was that no matter how often you went round the world, and no matter how long it took you, when you came back, the club was there. However, as I only knew about clubs from the novels of Evelyn Waugh, I was prepared to believe that I was mistaken. In any event, it seemed that Rodney wanted particularly to belong to this literary sort of club, because he believed very strongly that one should do everything one did professionally, and as he was now going to write books, he wanted to belong to that sort of place. "He's a strange fellow in many ways," Henry said. "A mass of contradictions."

Rodney's contradiction in this case seemed odd to me. I had imagined that the whole point of his books would be that they would be thrown off in the midst of other activities—that they would be amateur productions that proved to be more brilliant than the professional. However, his new attitude, if less romantic, was more creditable, and certainly more promising for Brodrick Layland. I decided, indeed, that he had probably only made this gesture to please Henry, which it did.



We dined once or twice with Rodney and Lady Ann. She has rather a nice house in Chester Square, and he seemed to be very comfortably installed—more permanently than his earlier talk of buying houses suggested. But this may have been only the appearance that Lady Ann gave to things, for she made every effort short of absurdity to underline the nature of their relationship. I really could not blame her for this, because she had made a catch that someone a good deal less battered and ginny might have been proud of, and I had to admire the manner in which she did avoid absurdity, because, looking at him and at her, it *was* very absurd, even apart from the large gap in their ages—fifteen years, at least, I decided.

Lady Ann, as usual, talked most of the time. She has a special way of being funny; she speaks with a drawl and a very slight stutter, and she ends her remarks suddenly with a word or expression that isn't what one expects she is going to lead up to. Well, of course, one does expect it, because she always does it, and, like a lot of things, it gets less funny when you've heard it a few times. For example, she said she quite agreed with Henry—she wouldn't have missed the Braque exhibition for anything, but then she got a peculiar pleasure, almost a sensual one, from being jammed really tight in a crowd. Henry always laps up Lady Ann. She's a sort of tarty mother-substitute for him, I think, and, indeed, if he wanted a tarty mother, he had to find a substitute. I thought that perhaps Rodney would be bored with her carrying on, but if he was, he didn't show it. This, of course, was very creditable of him, but made me a little disappointed. Occasionally, it is true, he broke into the middle of her chatter, but then she interrupted him, sometimes just as rudely. They might really have been a perfectly happy pair, which I found even more disappointing.

I can't help thinking that by this time you may have formed some rather unfavorable views about the kind of woman I am. Well, I've already said that I often have very bitchy moods, and it's true, but at least I know it. But if you ask me *why* I have bitchy moods, it's more difficult to say. In the first place, life is frightfully boring nowadays, isn't it? And if you say I ought to try doing something with my time—well, I have. I did translations from French and German for Brodrick Layland for a while, and I did prison visiting. They're quite different sorts of things to do, and it didn't take long for me to get very bored with each of them. Not that I should want wars and revolutions; whenever there's an international crisis, I get a ghastly pain in my stomach, like everybody else. But, as I said, like England, I want security and I don't. However, what I was trying to explain about was my bitchy moods. Well, when I get very bored and depressed, I hate everyone, and it seems to me everyone hates me. (As a matter of fact, most people do like Henry better than me, although they think I'm more amusing.) But when the depressed moods lift, I can't help feeling that people are rather nice, and they seem to like me, too. I had these moods very badly when I was sixteen or so, and now, in these last two years (since I was twenty-five), they've come back, and they change much more quickly. When I talked to Henry about it once, he got so depressed and took such a "psychological" view that I've never mentioned it again. In any case, it's easy to take "psychological" views, but I'm by no means sure that it isn't just as true to say, like my old nurse, "Well, we all have our ups and downs"—and certainly that's a more cozy view of the situation.

But enough about me, because all this is really about Rodney Galt. Well, in those few times I saw him with Lady Ann (it seems more comic always to call her that) I began to have a theory

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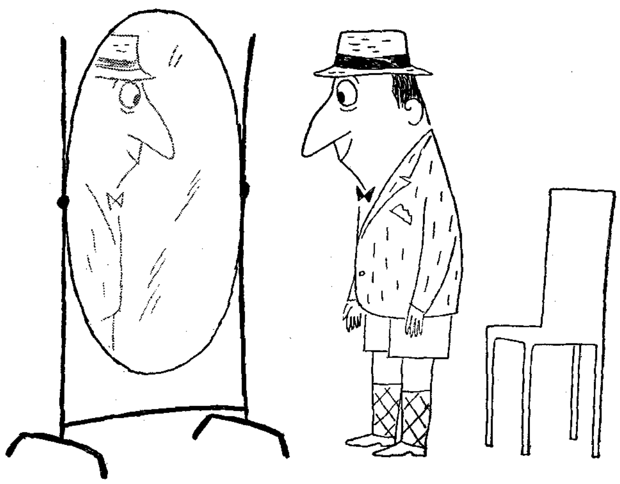

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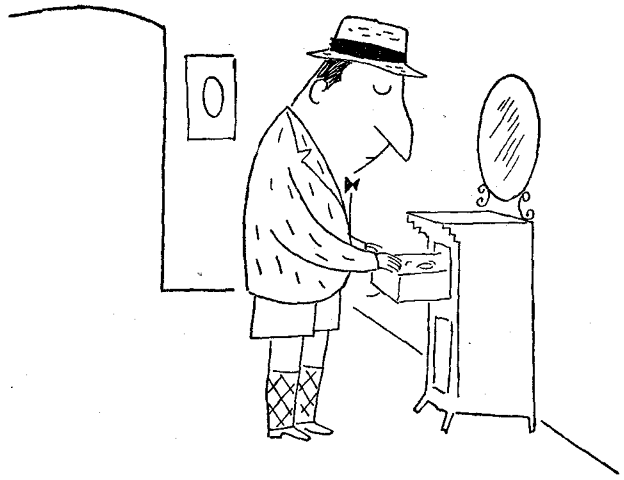

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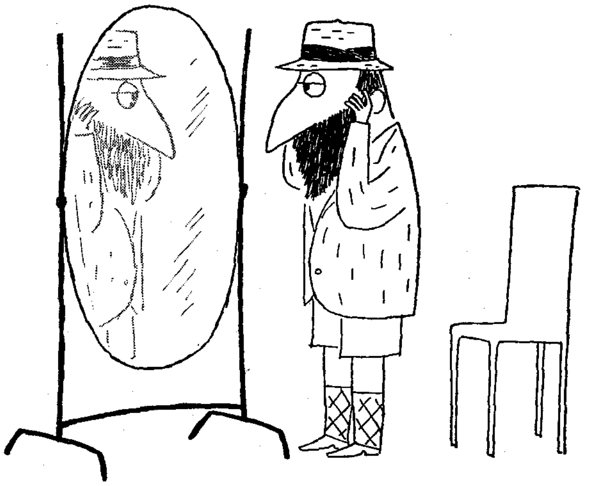

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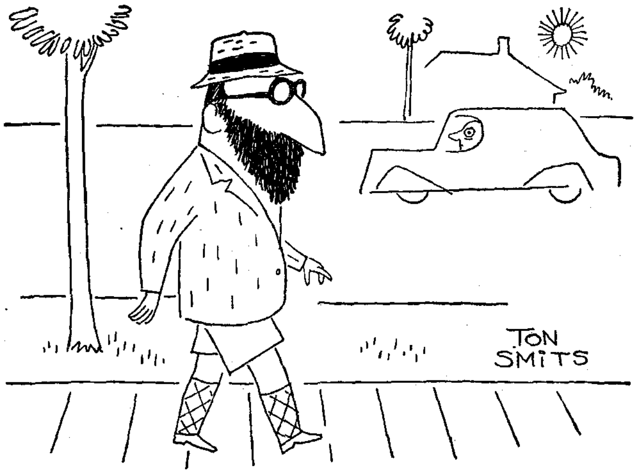


about him, and when I get theories about people I get very interested in them. This time, I was especially interested, because if my theory was right, Lady Ann and Henry and Brodrick Layland, and no doubt lots of other people, were liable to be sold all along the line, or up the river, or whatever the expression is. On the other hand (if my theory was right), it only made *me* feel that he was more *fascinating*—the best sort of theory to have.

One thing I wanted to know about was Rodney's family. In such cases, I always believe in asking directly, so I said, "Where are your family, Rodney?"

He smiled, and said, "In the Midlothian, where they've been for a sufficient number of recorded centuries to make them respectable. They're the best sort of people, really," he added. "The kind of people who've always been content to be trout in the local minnow pond. I'm the only one who's shown the cloven hoof of fame-seeking. There must be a bounderish streak somewhere, though not in Mother's family, who were all perfectly good dull country gentry. Of course, there was my great-great-great-uncle the novelist. But his was a very respectable, middling sort of local fame, really."

Well, there wasn't much given away there, because, after all, there are minnows and minnows—and even "country gentry" is rather a vague term. It was a bit disingenuous, that about Galt the novelist, because even I have heard of him, and I know nothing of the Midlothian. And that was the chief annoyance—I knew absolutely no one with whom I could check up. But it didn't shake my theory.

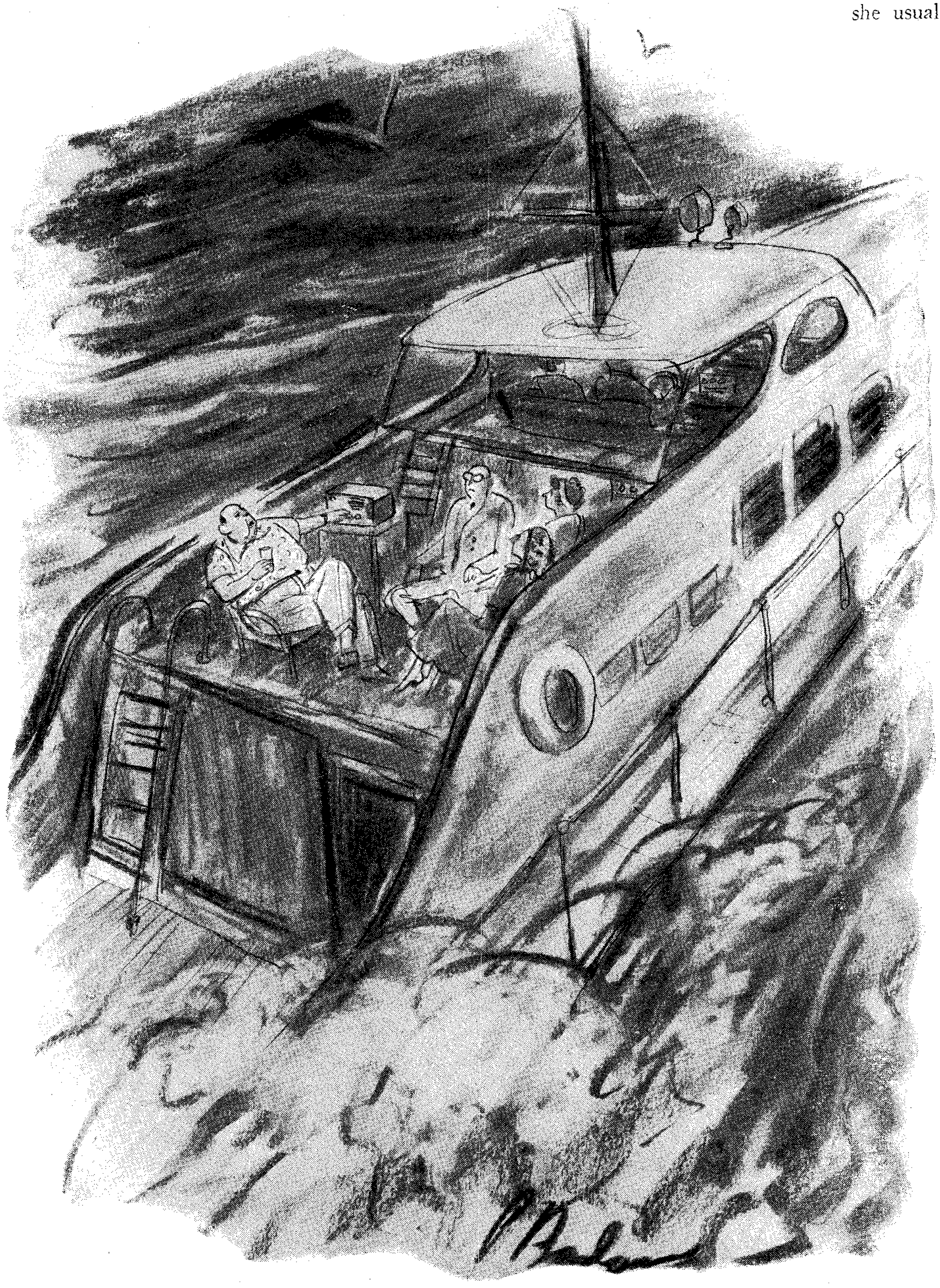
NOW we come to the most important point in this story: when Rodney Galt became our lodger. But first I shall have to explain about the "lodger battle" that Henry and I had been waging for over a year. This means explaining about our finances. Henry had some capital, and he put that into Brodrick Layland, and really, all things considered, he gets quite a good income back. But the house we live in is mine—it was left to me by my Aunt Agnes—and it's rather a big house, situated in that vague area known as "behind Harrods." And in this big house there is only me and Henry, and one or two foreign girls—servants. They change usually every year, and at the time I'm speaking of—about six or seven months ago—there was just one girl, a Swiss called Henriette Vaudoyer. Henry had long been keen that we should have a lodger, who could have a bedroom and sitting room and bathroom of his own. He said he didn't like my providing the house and getting nothing back from it. He thought that at least I ought to get pin money out of it. This was absurd, because Daddy left me quite a little income—a great deal more than would be required even if I were to set up a factory for sticking pins into wax images. I think Henry had at least three real reasons for wanting this lodger: one, he thought it was wrong to have so much space when people couldn't find anywhere to live, and this, if I had thought of it first, I would have agreed with, because I have more social conscience, really, than Henry; two, the empty rooms (empty, that is, of human beings) reminded him of the tiny feet that might have pattered but did not; three, he had an idea that having a lodger would give me something to do, and would help with the moods.

The last two of these reasons annoyed me very much and made me unwilling to have a lodger. So Henry was rather shy about suggesting that we should let the top floor to Rodney Galt. He only felt able to introduce the subject by bringing up the brilliant first chapter of Rodney's new book. Henry, it seemed, had been bowled over by this chapter when Rodney submitted it, and even Henry's senior partner, Mr. Brodrick, who had his feet pretty firmly planted on the ground, rocked a little. Nothing must get in the way of the book's completion.

Well, it seemed that living at Lady Ann's did. Henry pointed out that, wonderful friend though Lady Ann was, she could be difficult to live with if you wanted to write, because she talked so much. I said yes, she did—and drank so much, too. Then I asked about the house that Rodney was going to buy. Henry said that Rodney hadn't seen the one he really wanted yet, and that he didn't want to do too much house hunting while he was writing the book, which would require a lot of research. Above all, of course, he did not want to involve himself with a house that might turn out to be a white elephant. With this I thoroughly agreed, and, to Henry's surprise and pleasure, I said yes, Rodney could come as a lodger.

I was a little puzzled about Lady Ann. I made some inquiries, and, as I suspected, Rodney had thrown her over, and now he was said to have taken up with Susan Mullins—a very young girl but almost as rich as Lady Ann. However, Lady Ann was putting a good face on it before the world. I was glad to hear this, because the face she usually put on before the world, although once good, was now rather a mess. But I didn't say anything to Henry about all this, because he was so fond of Lady Ann and I was feeling very friendly toward him for making such a sensible suggestion about a lodger.

Hardly had the lodger idea taken shape when it almost lost its shape again. All because of Mr. Brodrick. I should tell you that Henry's senior partner was one of the many people about whom my mood varied. He was a rather handsome, gray-templed, port-flushed old man of sixty-five or so—more like a barrister than a publisher, one would think. Anyway, what would one think a publisher looked like? He was a determinedly old-fashioned man—but not like Rodney, except that both of them talked a bit too much about wine and food. No, Mr. Brodrick was an old-world-mannered, "dear lady" sort of man—a widower gallant to the fair sex is how he saw himself, I think. He had a single eyeglass on a black ribbon, and he ate mostly at his club. Sometimes I thought he was rather a sweet old thing, and sometimes I thought he was a ghastly old bore and a bit common to boot. At first, it seemed, he'd been delighted at Henry's capturing Rodney for their list, mainly because he was rather an old snob and Rodney apparently knew well a lot of people whom he himself had only met once or twice but talked about a good



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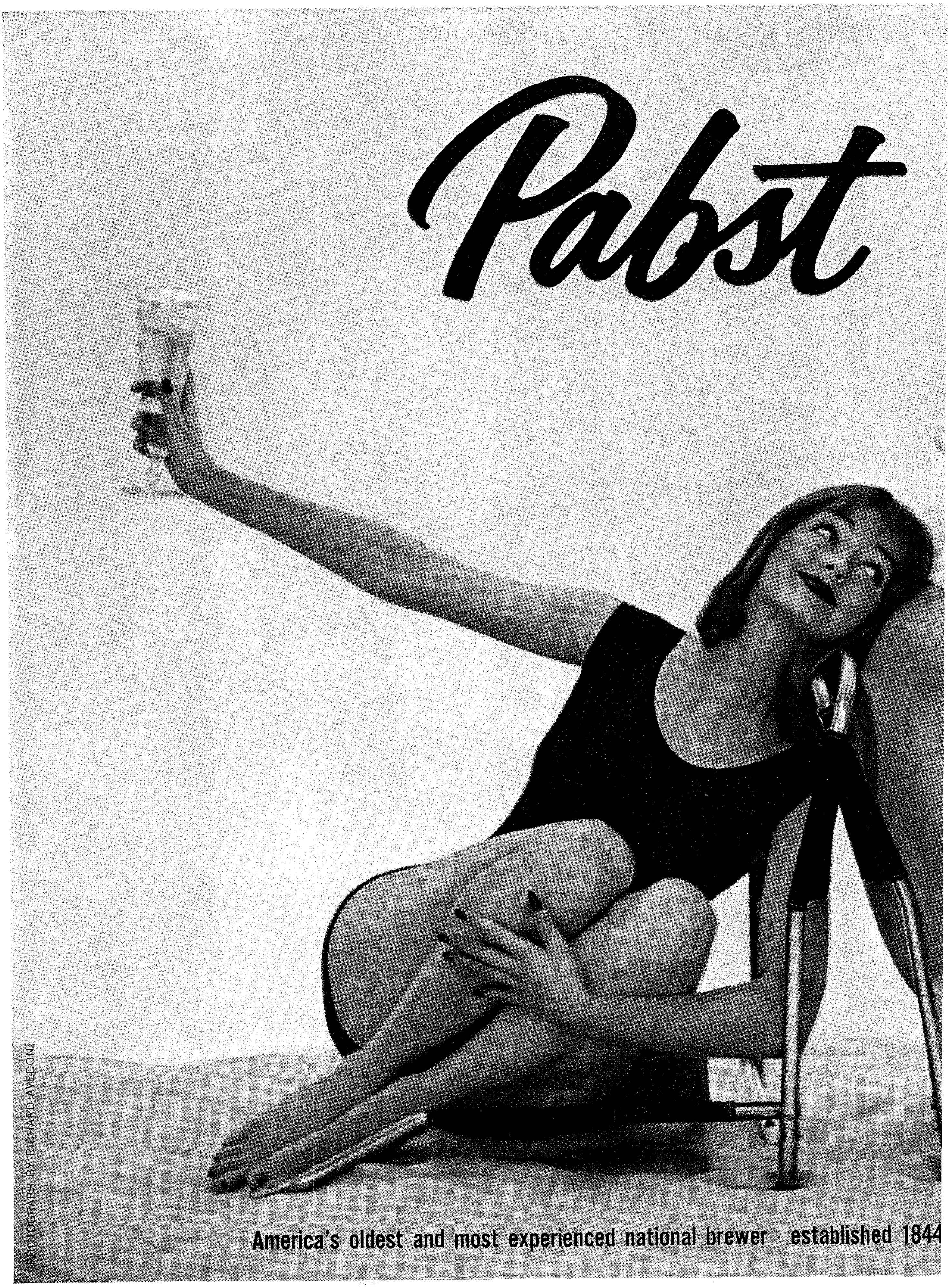
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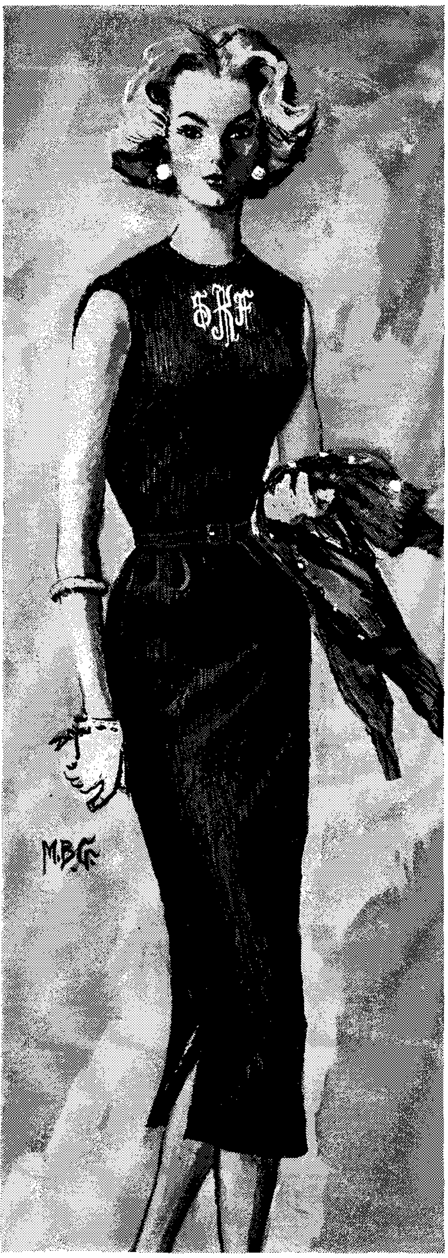
TALBOTT KNITTING MILLS, INC., 1407 BROADWAY, NEW YORK 18, N. Y deal. So when Rodney came to Brodrick Layland, Mr. Brodrick patted Henry on the back—literally, I imagine, though not heartily—and saw him even more than ever as "a son, my dear boy, since I have not been blessed with any offspring myself." (I often wondered whether Mr. Brodrick didn't sometimes say to Henry "When's the baby coming along?," he was so keen on heirs for Brodrick Layland.) But suddenly it seemed that, one day, Mr. Brodrick was talking to Mr. Harkness, of Harkness & Co., and Mr. Harkness said that the reason they hadn't gone on with Rodney as an author was, they'd had a lot of financial trouble with him—loans not repaid, and so on. Mr. Brodrick didn't care for the sound of that at all, and he thought that he and Henry should do what he called "keeping a very firm rein on Master Galt's activities." And since he saw Henry as a son, and perhaps me as a daughter-in-law (who knows?), he was very much against our having Rodney as a lodger. The more strictly commercial the relations with authors, the better, he said.

Henry was upset by all this and a good deal surprised at what Mr. Harkness had said. I was not at all surprised, but I did not say so. I said that Harkness had no right to say such things or Mr. Brodrick to listen to them. In any case, I said, how did we know that Mr. Harkness had not just made them up out of sour grapes? And as to commercial relations, I pointed out that Rodney's being a lodger was commercial, and anyway the rent was being paid to me. So Mr. Brodrick knew what he could do. But Henry still seemed a little unhappy, and then he told me that he had, himself, lent Rodney various sums. I saw right then that there was nothing for it but to play the brilliant first chapter for all it was worth. Did Henry, I said, expect that anyone capable of that brilliant first chapter was going to fit in with every bourgeois maxim of life that people like Harkness and Mr. Brodrick laid down in their narrow scheme of things? I was surprised, I said, that Henry, who had a real flair for publishing because he cared about books, should be led into this sort of "business is business" attitude, which, if persevered in, would mean confining one's list to all the dullest books produced. Anyway, I made it clear that I was determined Rodney Galt should come, if only as a matter of principle. When Henry saw that I was determined, he decided to stand on principle, too, and on the great coup he had made for Brodrick Layland, as forecast by that brilliant first chapter. So Rodney moved in.

What with all the research Rodney needed to do for his book, and what with Susan Mullins, you may think that I had got unduly excited about nothing. But if you have jumped to that conclusion—well, then, I think you can't have a very interesting mind, and you certainly don't understand *me*. When I say that I had become interested in Rodney, that's exactly what I mean, and "being interested," with me, comes to this—that I don't know really what I want, or, indeed, if I want anything at all, but I know for certain that I don't want to let go. So, for the first week or so, Rodney went to the British Museum and read books about civility and honour, of which they have lots there—intended, when they were published, in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, for people who were on the social make, I think. I used to rather like to reflect that, after all this time, they were being read again by Rodney. When he was not at the British Museum, he was with Susan Mullins, or on the telephone talking to her.

The British Museum fell out of Rodney's life before Susan Mullins did. After only a fortnight, he decided to borrow books from the London Library, which, as he had a sitting room, seemed only sensible. Then came a period when Susan did not telephone so often, and once or twice Rodney telephoned to her and spoke, instead, to her mother—who was not called Mullins but Lady Newnham, because she had been divorced and married again to a very rich Conservative industrialist peer—and then high words were exchanged. And finally, one day when he rang, he spoke to Lord Newnham, and *very* high words were exchanged, and that was the end of that. It became difficult then for Rodney to keep his mind on the books from the London Library, let alone go to the British Museum. It seemed, somehow, that his mind was diverted more by financial schemes than by study. None of this surprised me much, but I thought I would not worry Henry by telling him, in case he began to be afraid that there would only be a brilliant first chapter and no more.

SO Rodney and I used to go out in his M.G. (and perhaps it would have been more in keeping if he had refused to use any kind of motorcar later than a De Dion Bouton, but I was glad that he didn't). We went here, there, and everywhere, and all over the place. We saw a great number of lovely houses—



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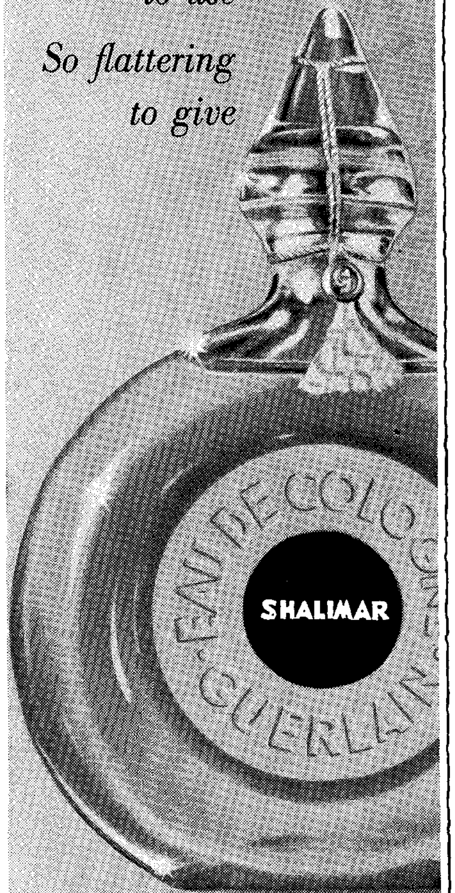

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a lot in London, but gradually more and more outside London. Rodney came very near to taking some of them, he said. And then, since he proposed to turn some of the houses, when he bought them, into furnished rooms or flats, we looked at a great number of antiques. The antiques we looked at were rather expensive to use as furnishings of flats or rooms, but Rodney said that only good things interested him, and what was the good of his *expertise* if he never used it? It was quite true—that he had *expertise*, I mean.

We had a lot of very good luncheons, too. According to my theory, Rodney would pay for these during the first phase, but later I would have to pay. I was determined to make the first phase last as long as possible. We suddenly took to going to places like Hampton Court, and Cambridge, and Hatfield House, and Wilton. We did not go to see any friends, though—partly because it wouldn't have done but mostly because we really were very content to be alone together. However, often when we passed great parks or distant large houses, Rodney told me which of his friends they belonged to, and this was nice for him.

In fact, we both had a wonderful time, although Rodney's time would have been more wonderful, he said, if I'd agreed to go to bed with him. Sometimes he cajoled, or at least he made himself as attractive and sweet as he could, which was a lot, and this, I imagine, is what "cajole" means. But often he took a very highhanded line, because in Rodney's theory of seducing there was a lot about women wanting to be mastered, which fitted into his general social views. Then he would tell me that unless I let myself go and accepted his mastery, which was what I really wanted, I would soon become a tight little bitch. I had, he said, all the makings of one already, at twenty-six. "It's happening already, with your bitter humor, and your whimsey, and your melancholy moods!" he cried. "You're ceasing to be civilized."

Civilization seemed to be his key to seduction; at least, he made light of my married position on the same ground. "In any civilized century," he said, "the situation would be sensibly accepted." And then he talked of Congreve and Vanbrugh, and Italian society. But I didn't care to decide too easily, because Vanbrugh and Congreve were no longer alive, and this was not Italy of the *cicisbei*, and affairs of this kind aren't easy to control, and even if life was often boring, it was secure. Also, I quite enjoyed things as they were,

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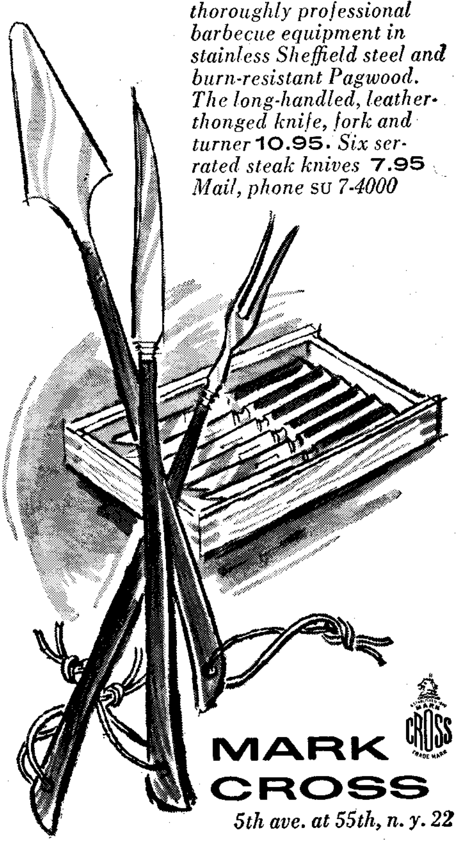

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even the violent things he said about my becoming a bitch, but I wasn't sure that I would like all that masterfulness on a physical plane.

So we went on as I wished, and I enjoyed managing the double life, and if Rodney didn't exactly enjoy it, he was very good at it. For example, one morning an absolutely ghastly thing happened. Henry's mother suddenly arrived as Rodney and I were about to set off for Brighton. I have often said of Henry's mother that you can feel two ways about her; I think that I would be prepared to feel the nicer way more often if she didn't seem to feel so consistently the nastier way about me. As it is, our relations are not very good, and since, like most people, we find it easier to fight battles on our home grounds, we don't often meet.

Henry's mother doesn't bother much about dress, and, that day being a rather cold summer day, she was wearing an old squirrel-skin coat over her tweeds. As to her hats, you can never tell much about these, because her gray hair gets loose so much and festoons all over them. It is said in the Raven family that she should have been allowed by her father to go to the University, and that she would then have been a very good scholar, and happy to be so. As it is, she has lived most of her life in a large red brick Queen Anne house in Hampshire, and the only way you can tell that she is not happy, like all the other ladies, is that, as well as gardening and jam-making and local government, she does all the very difficult crossword puzzles very quickly, and, as well as reading the travel books and biographies recommended in the Sunday papers, she reads sometimes in French, and even in German. She closed her eyes when she saw me, but this was no special insult, because she always does this when she speaks.

"You shouldn't live so close to Harrods, June dear, if you don't want morning callers" was how she greeted me. As Rodney and I were both obviously about to go out, there was not much to answer to this. But the Ravens have a habit of half saying what is on their minds, and it immediately seemed certain to me that she had only come there because she'd heard about the lodger and wanted to pry. I said, "This is Rodney Galt, our lodger. This is Henry's mother."

Rodney must have formed the same conclusion, for he immediately said, "How do you do? I'm afraid this is a very brief meeting, because I'm just off to the London Library."

"Oh?" Henry's mother said. "You

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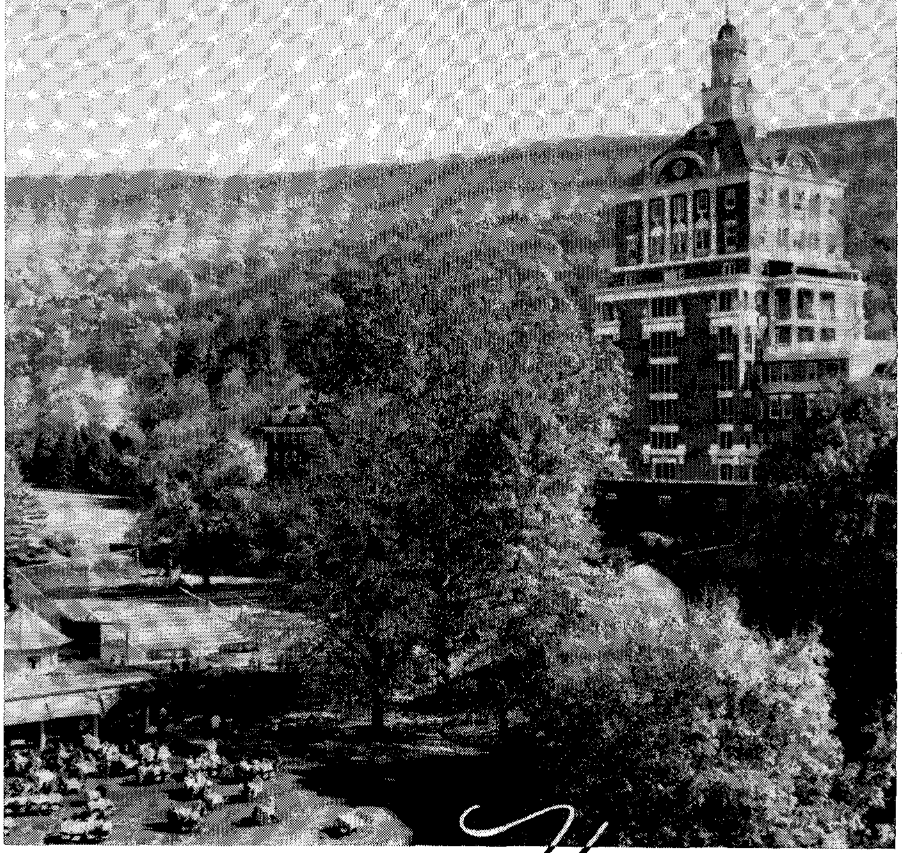

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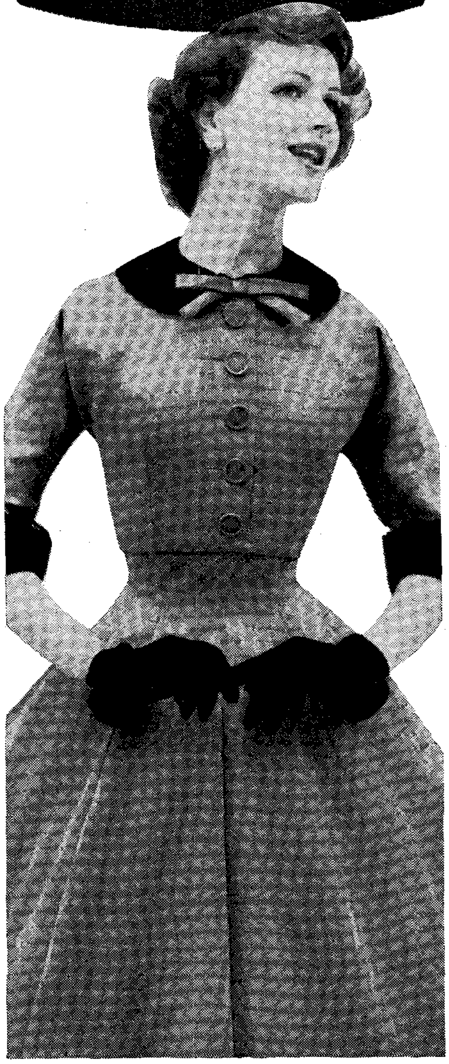

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must be one of those new members who have all the books out when one wants them. It's so difficult being a country member. Of course, when Mr. Cox was alive . . ." And she sighed, putting the blame onto Rodney but also making it quite clear to me that he was what she wanted to investigate.

I thought it would be wise to deflect her, so I said, "You'll stay and have a coffee or a drink or something, won't you?"

But she was not to be deflected. "What strange ideas you have about how I spend my mornings, June dear," she answered. "I haven't come up from the suburbs, you know. I'm afraid you're one of those busy people who think everybody idle but yourself. I just thought it would be proper, since I was so close at Harrods, that we should show each other that we were both still alive. But I don't intend to waste your time, dear. Indeed, if Mr. Galt is going to the London Library, I think I shall ask him if he will share a taxi with me. I'm getting a little old to be called 'duckie,' as these bus ladies seem to like to do now."

So Rodney was caught good and proper. However, I needn't have worried for him. When Henry came home, I learned that his mother had been round to Brodrick Layland and had spent her time singing Rodney's praises. It appeared that he'd been so helpful in finding her the best edition of Saint-Simon that she had offered him luncheon, and that he had suggested Wheeler's. His conversation must have been very pleasing to her, for she had made no grumble to Henry about the bill. She had only said, "I can't think why you described him as a beautiful-looking young man. He's most presentable, and very well informed, too." So we seemed to have got over that hurdle.

BUT Rodney was a success with all our friends—for example, with *les jeunes filles en fleurs.* This is the name that Henry and I give to two ladies called Miss Jackie Reynolds and Miss Marcia Railton, and the point about the name is that although they are Lesbian ladies, they are by no means *jeunes filles* and certainly not *en fleurs.* Henry is very fond of them, because, like Lady Ann, they make him feel broadminded. They are generous, and this is particularly creditable because they do not make much money out of their business of interior decoration. They have lived together for a great many years—since they were young, indeed, which must be a great, great many years ago—and Henry always says that this is very touching. Unfortunately, they are often also very boring, and this seems to be all right for Henry, because when they have been unusually boring he remembers how touching their constancy to each other is, and that apparently compensates him. But it doesn't compensate me. When the *jeunes filles* met Rodney, Jackie, who is short and stocky, with an untidy black-dyed shingle, put her head on one side and said, "I say, isn't he a smasher!" And Marcia, who is petite rather than stocky, and altogether dainty in her dress, said, "But of a beauty!"

This is the way they talk when they meet new people; Henry says it's because they are shy, and so it may be, but it usually makes everybody else rather shy, too. I thought it would paralyze Rodney, but he took it in his stride and said, "Oh, come! I'm not as good-looking as all that."

That was when I first realized that I preferred Rodney on his own, and this in itself is a difficulty, because if one is going to be much with somebody you are bound to be with other people, too, sometimes. However, the evening went swimmingly. Rodney decided that although he would always have really *good* objects in his *own* house, when he got it, the people to whom he would let furnished flats would be much happier to be interior-decorated—and who better to do it than *les jeunes filles en fleurs*? Well, that suited Marcia and Jackie all right. They got together, all three, in a huddle, and a very funny huddle it was. Rodney already knew of some Americans, even apart from all the people who would be taking furnished flats from him, who might be interested in having interior decoration done, and the rest of the evening was spent in discussion of deals. Henry said afterward he'd never felt so warm toward Rodney as when he saw how decent he was to *les jeunes filles.*

The truth was that, much though I was enjoying Rodney's company, I was beginning to get a little depressed by the suit he so ardently urged and the decision that this ardor was forcing upon me. It would be so much nicer if there were no cause and effect in life—no one thing leading inevitably to another but just everything being sufficient in itself. Yet I could see that Rodney was not the kind of person to take life in this way, and quite suddenly something impressed this realization upon me rather strongly.

I have not said much about our Swiss, Henriette Vaudoyer, and I don't propose to say much now, because nothing is more boring than talk about foreign domestics. I have to put up with it at three-quarters of the dinners we go to. Henriette was a very uninteresting girl, but quite pretty. There were only four of us in the house—Henry and me in one bedroom, and Rodney and Henriette in two bedrooms. Well, no one can be surprised that Rodney and Henriette began to be in one bedroom, sometimes, too. I wasn't surprised, but I was upset; it gave me a pain in my stomach. Clearly, there were only two things I could do about that pain—get rid of Rodney or get rid of Henriette. The brave thing would have been to get rid of Rodney before I got worse pains, but already the pain was so bad that I was not brave enough. I gave Henriette notice. She said some very unpleasant, smug, Swiss sort of things to me, and she began to say them to Henry, which was more worrying.

Luckily, one of Henry's great virtues is that he never listens to talebearing, and he did what is called "cutting her short." However, he was a bit worried lest I should decide to do without a foreign girl, because we'd always had one, and sometimes two. But I explained that we had Mrs. Golfin coming in to do the heavy chores, and that she was only too pleased to come in even more—and, for the rest, having more to do would be wonderful for my moods, about which I was getting worried. So Henry saw the necessity, and Henriette went. But I saw clearly, too, that I would have to decide either to accept Rodney's importuning or not, because soon he would take no answer to be the same as "Answer—No."

I think maybe I might have answered no, except that, at the time, Henry annoyed me very much over the holiday question. This is an old and annoying question with us. Every year since we were married, Henry has said, "Well, I don't know why we shouldn't manage Venice [or Madrid, or Rome] this year. I think we've deserved it."

First, I want to say that people don't deserve holidays—they just take them—and, second, I want to point out that we're really quite rich, and there's no question of our not being able to "manage" Venice or Rome. I long, in fact, for the day when he will say, "Well, I don't know why we shouldn't manage Lima this year, taking in Honolulu and Madagascar on the way home." But if he can't say that—and he can't—then I would prefer him to ask, "Shall we go to Italy or Spain or North Africa this year, June? The choice is yours."

However, just about the time Henri-

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ette left, he came out with it: "Well, I don't see why we shouldn't manage Florence this year."

So I said, "Well, I do, Henry, because I don't bloody well want to go there."

And then he was very upset, and as I was feeling rather guilty anyway, I apologized, and said how silly my moods were, and Florence would be rather enchanting.

Henry cheered up a good deal at this. "If that is so," he said, "I'm very glad, because it makes it much easier for me to tell you something. It's been decided on the spur of the moment that I'm to go to New York on business. It's only for a fortnight, but I must leave next week."

Now, I wouldn't really have wanted to go to New York on a rush visit for Brodrick Layland, but somehow everything conspired to make me furious, and I decided then and there that what I wanted was what Rodney wanted, physical mastery or no. And actually, when the time came, the physical mastery wasn't such a trial. I mean there was nothing "extra," or worrying, about it. And, for the rest, I was very pleased.

So when Henry set off for New York, I was committed to a new course of life, as they say. But the weekend before Henry left he insisted on running me down to a country hotel in Sussex and making a fuss over me. I suppose I should have felt very bad about it, because really he did his best to make the fuss as good as possible. But all I could think of was that I did hope cause and effect, and one thing following another, wasn't going to make life worse, instead of better. After all, I had made this committal to a new course in order to make life *less* boring, but if it meant that there were going to be more decisions and choices in front of me, it would be much *more* boring. One thing I did decide was that I would try not to talk about Rodney to Henry, even if I did have to think of him. After all, talking about Rodney would not have been a very kind return for the fussing.

In the end, it was Henry who raised the subject of Rodney. It seemed that Lady Ann had not been able to put a good face on *all* the time. One day, at a cocktail party, when even she had found the gin stronger than usual, she had dropped her face in front of Henry. She'd said that the money she had spent on Rodney nobody knew (this I thought was hypocritical, because she was just telling Henry how much it was), and the return he'd made had been beneath anything she'd ever experienced. I must say she couldn't have said worse, considering the sort of life she's led. Henry was very upset, because although he liked Rodney, Lady Ann was such a very old friend. But I said that age in friendship was not the proper basis for judgment, and I also reminded him that hell had no fury. I succeeded in pacifying him, because he didn't want his fussing to be spoiled, but I could see that things would never be the same between Rodney and Henry—as now, indeed, they were not between any of the three of us.

Well, there we were—Rodney and me alone for ten days. And Rodney did exactly the right thing; he suggested that we spend most of the time in Paris. How right this was! First, there was the note of absurdity—adultery in Paris. "That," said Rodney, "should satisfy your lack of self-assurance—your passion to put all your actions in inverted commas." It must be said that Rodney understands me very well, for someone only my age, because I do feel less troubled about doing anything when I can see it as faintly absurd. Of course, the reasons he gives don't satisfy me. So when I asked him why I was like that, he said, "Because you're incurably middle-class, June darling."

On the whole, though, by this time, Rodney was giving me less of his "patrician" line. However, things had not yet reached the point where I could tell Rodney my theory about him. This theory, you will already have guessed, was that he was little better or little worse, or whatever, than an adventurer, not to say a potential crook. I did indeed know that his affairs had reached a serious state, because of some of the telephone conversations that I overheard, and because of the bills that kept arriving. The nicest thing was that Rodney paid the whole of the Paris trip. It is true that he hadn't paid his rent for some weeks; it is also true that his trip to Paris was intended as an investment. Nevertheless, I think it was very lovely of him to have paid the Paris trip when he was up to his eyes in debts. Let me say that until the last day or so the Paris trip was everything I could have asked or that money could buy. Also, though I don't think Rodney realized this, it was a great relief to me not to be committing adultery in Henry's house (for, in a sense, it *was* Henry's, although it belonged to me).

It was only on the last day but one of our trip, when we were sitting at a café looking at the Fontainebleau twiddly staircase and drinking Pernod, that Rodney began to press his further

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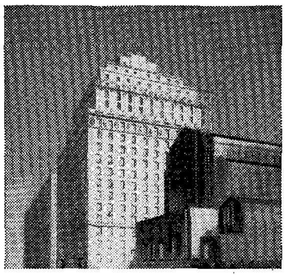
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suit. I had been expecting it, of course; indeed, it was the choice that lay ahead—the inevitable decision, and all the other things that I had so hoped would not happen but that I knew would. He asked me, in fact, to leave Henry for him. At first, he just said it was what we both wanted. Then he said he loved me too much to see me go on living with Henry in such a dead pretense life, getting more bitterly whimsical and harder every year. Then he said I was made like him, to use life up and enjoy people and things, and then pass on to others. It was all very unreal, but if he had only known, it was exactly this confidence-trick part of him that attracted me. I could quite clearly see the life of travel and hotels we should have on my money, and the bump there would be when we got through my money, which I think Rodney would have done rather quickly. But it was the bogusness, the insecurity, and even, perhaps, the *boue* beneath for which I had such a nostalgia.

Somehow, Rodney didn't grasp this, or perhaps he was too anxious about securing his aims. For he suddenly changed his tone and became a pathetic, dishonest little boy pleading for a chance. He was desperate, he said, and it must look as though he was after my money. This I had to admit. "Well," he said, "then you know the worst." But he begged me to believe that if he could have me with him, it would be different. He had real talent, and he only needed some support to use it. Did I understand, he asked me, exactly what his life had been? And then he told me of his background—his father was a narrow, not very successful builder in a small Scotch town—and described to me most movingly his hatred of it all, his hard, if dishonest, fight to get into a different world, the odds against him. It was I, he said, who could get him onto the tramlines again.

I don't think I'm very maternal, really, because I didn't find myself moved; I only felt cheated. If I hadn't been sure that, whatever he said, life with Rodney would in fact have been much more like what I imagined than like what he was promising, I should have turned him down on the spot. As it was, I said I must think about it. He must leave me alone in London for at least a fortnight, and then I would give him an answer. He accepted this because, anyway, he had business in France, so I returned to London alone.

HENRY was glad, on his return, to find Rodney absent, I think. And in a short while he was even more glad. Or, at any rate, I was, because if Rod-

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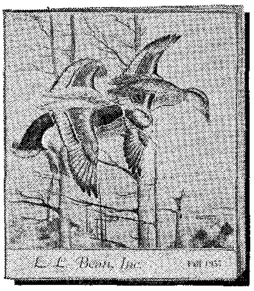

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ney had been in our house, I think that Henry would have hit him. This, of course, might have fitted into Rodney's ideas of the violence of life, even if not into his view of civilization, and probably, Rodney being much younger, he would have won the fight, which would have made me very angry because of Henry. But it is just possible that Henry would have won, and this would have made me very sad, because of my ideal picture of Rodney. What put the lid on it for Henry was a visit he made to his mother shortly after his return, when he discovered that Rodney had borrowed money from her. I could only think that if Rodney could get money from Henry's mother he had little to fear about the future (and maybe if my future was joined to his, though precarious, it would not founder). But Henry, of course, saw it differently—and so did I when I heard of the sum involved, which was only fifty pounds, a sum of money insufficient to prevent foundering.

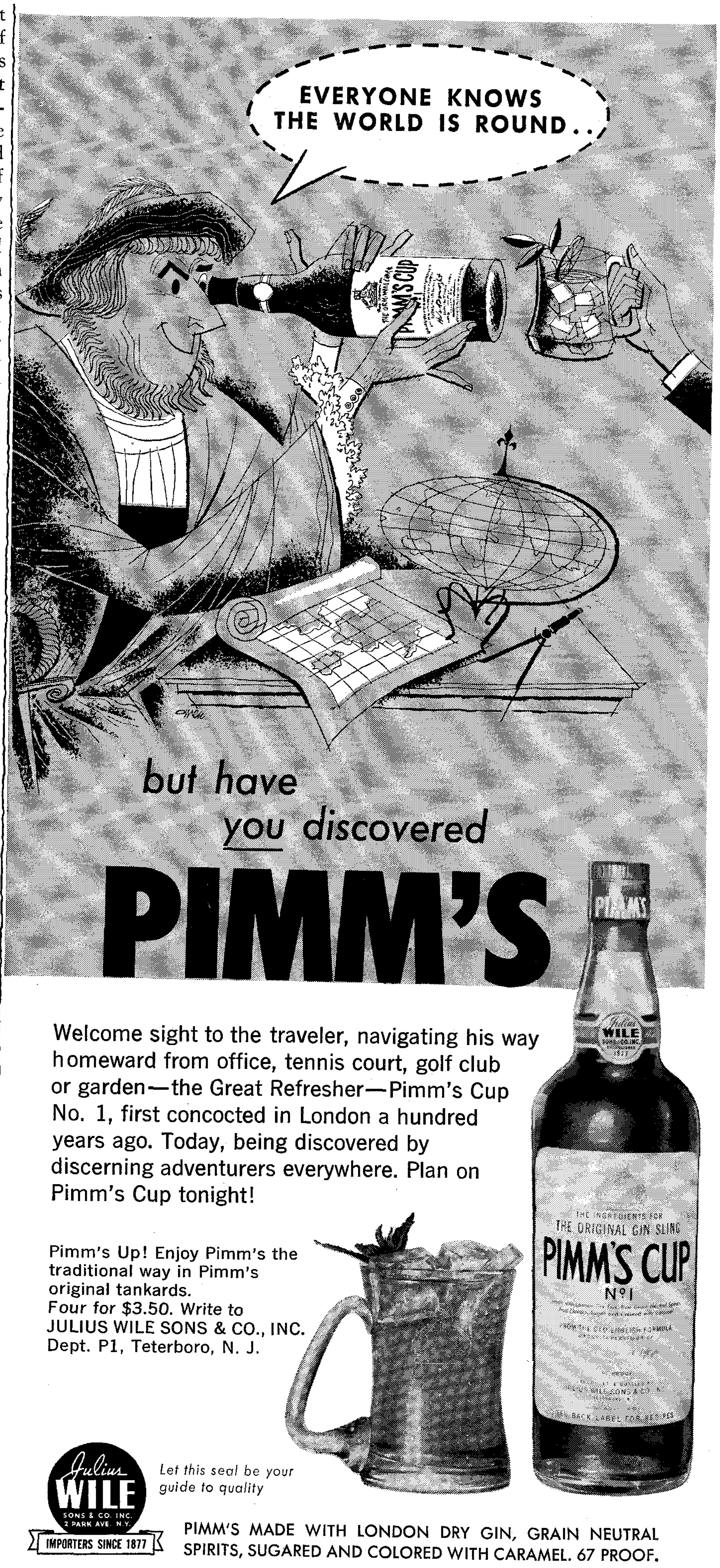
Hardly had Henry's mother dealt Henry's new-found friendship a blow from the right when up came *les jeunes filles* and dealt it a knockout from the left. It seemed that they had busily decorated and furnished two flats for American friends of Rodney's—one for Mrs. Milton Brothers, and one for Robert J. Masterson and family—and, as these American people were visiting the Continent before settling in England, the bills had been given to Rodney to send to them. The bills were quite large, because Rodney had told *les jeunes filles* not to cheesepare. Now Mrs. Brothers and Mr. Masterson and family had arrived in London, and it seemed that they had already given the money for *les jeunes filles* to Rodney, plus his commission. Jackie said "You can imagine what it makes us look like!" and Marcia said "Yes, really it *is* pretty grim."

Then Jackie said, "We look such awful chumps," and that, I think, was what I agreed with most.

Henry said he felt sure that when Rodney returned he would have some explanation to offer. I didn't think this likely and I didn't think Henry did.

"Well," said Jackie, "that's just it. I'm *not* sure that Rodney *ought* to return, because if Mrs. Brothers goes on as she is now, I think there'll be a warrant out for him soon."

I felt miserable when they had gone, and so did Henry, but for different reasons. All I could find to do was to pray that Mrs. Brothers should die in her bath before she could start issuing warrants. Henry said, "I only hope he doesn't come near this house again, be-



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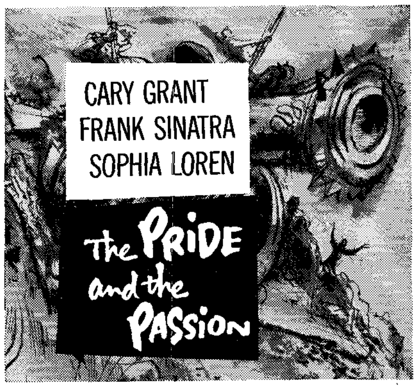

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cause I'm not sure what my duty would be."

Then, the very next morning, at about eleven o'clock, the telephone rang and it *was* Rodney. I told him what Henry had said, and we agreed that it was most important that he should come to the house when Henry was out. He came just before lunch. I had expected him to look a little hunted, the way Humphrey Bogart sometimes used to look in fugitive films. He did look a little hunted, but it wasn't quite like the films—less to my taste—and I suddenly thought of something. I made an excuse and ran upstairs and hid my jewel box. I would have hated to be issuing warrants for Rodney. Then we had a long chat and something more. About that, I will only say I have rather "a time and a place" view, and so it ended things, as far as I was concerned, with a whimper rather than a bang. As for the chat, I said that I had thought things over and the answer was no, very reluctantly.

When people say, "You don't know what it cost me," I think it's rather stupid, because they could always tell you. So I will tell what this answer cost me—it cost me the whole of a possible different life with someone very attractive. I shall always regret it when the life I am leading is particularly boring, which it often is. But that, after all, is the nature of decisions. The answer had to be no. And I do not despair of other chances. But life is indeed a cheat. What Rodney said after my negative answer was a pity. He went on again about how soon I would become a hard little bitch and rather depressing, with all *my* "amusing" talk. He even said, "I should think you might go off your head. People who get the idea that they can make a game of other people's lives often do." I must say I thought that, everything about Rodney's own life considered, this was a bit too much. And so I changed the conversation to the warrant that might be out at any moment. Rodney was well aware of it, he said, and he had almost enough, but not quite, to get abroad that night. I said I would see what I could find in ready cash, because obviously checks would be no good. He didn't seem sure about this, but I stuck to my point, emphasizing how little he understood money matters, as evidenced in his life. While I was looking for what cash I had, he went upstairs to the lavatory and I heard him walking about in my bedroom, so I was glad, for his sake, that I had hidden my jewel box. And I did find enough to help him overseas, because I had put some aside in case he turned up, although I did not tell him this. And away, looking rather hunted but still very handsome, he went, out of my life.

EVERYTHING was an anticlimax without Rodney, although his name was kept alive, what with Henry's mother, and *les jeunes filles*, and the Americans, and Mr. Brodrick furious at having only a first chapter, however brilliant, after paying so much as an advance. But all this was not the same for me as Rodney's physical presence—not at all the same.

It was only a month later that it got into the papers, in quite a small column, that he'd been arrested for stealing some money at the house of the Marchesa Ghirlandini, in Rome, where he was a guest. The column also mentioned Mrs. Brothers' warrant.

Well, I did miss the excitement of life with him, and so I got talking a little about it to an old friend of mine—Mary Mudie, who writes a long, gossipy column in a Sunday newspaper. And, sure enough, there was a featured bit about him the very next Sunday—all about the well-known people he'd dined with, and about Lady Ann Denton, and how he was one of "the many fortunate young men of talent and charm who had profited by her friendship," and how valuable she was as a bridge between her generation and the young. Then, there was a bit about Rodney's great brilliance as a writer, saying how few who knew him in this capacity realized his double life. It told with what expectancy connoisseurs of the fresh and original in modern writing had awaited his new book and how ironic its title, "Honour and Civility," now seemed. So brilliant was the first chapter of this book that an old, established publishing firm, famed for its cautious policy, had gone to unusual lengths to assist the young author. Realizing the supreme importance to a writer of congenial surroundings in which to work, the enterprising junior partner of the firm, Mr. Henry Raven, had even installed their brilliant protégé as a tenant in his own house. Then came a block heading, "More Friend Than Lodger," which was followed by a bit about me: " 'I can hardly believe that Rodney was leading this double life,' said almond-eyed, brunette June Raven, well-known young London hostess, and wife of publisher Raven. 'He was more of a friend than a lodger as far as I was concerned. He was not only clever and witty but he had the rare gift of easy intimacy.' "

Dear Mary followed this up immediately with a mention of Rodney's first book, " 'Cuckoo'—a study of married infidelity in history's pages, as witty as it was scholarly." The paragraph then went on to a little interview with Rodney's parents. " 'Rodney never took to the building trade,' his father told me in the front parlor of his typical, unpretentious little Scots 'hame.' 'He always wanted big things out of life.' " And then Mary ended on a moral note: "Rodney Galt got his big things—bigger, perhaps, than he imagined, when an Italian court on Monday last sentenced him . . ."

It was a sad little article, but I did think it was clever of Mary to have made so much of what I told her.

I'M afraid Rodney will be very upset by the piece about his parents, but he did say very nasty things to me. And I was afraid, too, that Henry wouldn't like the "more friend than lodger" part, but Henry ought to pay for my being faithful to him, too, I think. At least, that's how I feel after life has presented me with such awful choices.

Sure enough, Henry read Mary's article and got into a terrible rage. "I'm pretty sure it's actionable," he said.

So I looked very nonchalant, and said, "I don't think so, darling, because I supplied Mary with all the information."

Then he looked at me, and said, "I think you should be very careful, June. This sort of mischievous behavior is frequently a danger signal. It may seem a strange thing to say to you, but you'd only have yourself to blame if you went off your head." He was trembling when he went out of the room, so I think it likely that he'd known about me and Rodney for some time.

Well, there you are—both Henry and Rodney take a "psychological" view of me. But, as I said earlier, I often think that common-sense views are wiser. I spoke before of my old nurse, and what she used to say of me was "Miss June wants to eat her cake and have it." Well, so do most people one meets nowadays. But I think perhaps I want it more than the rest, which makes me think that, in the end, I'll get it.

—ANGUS WILSON

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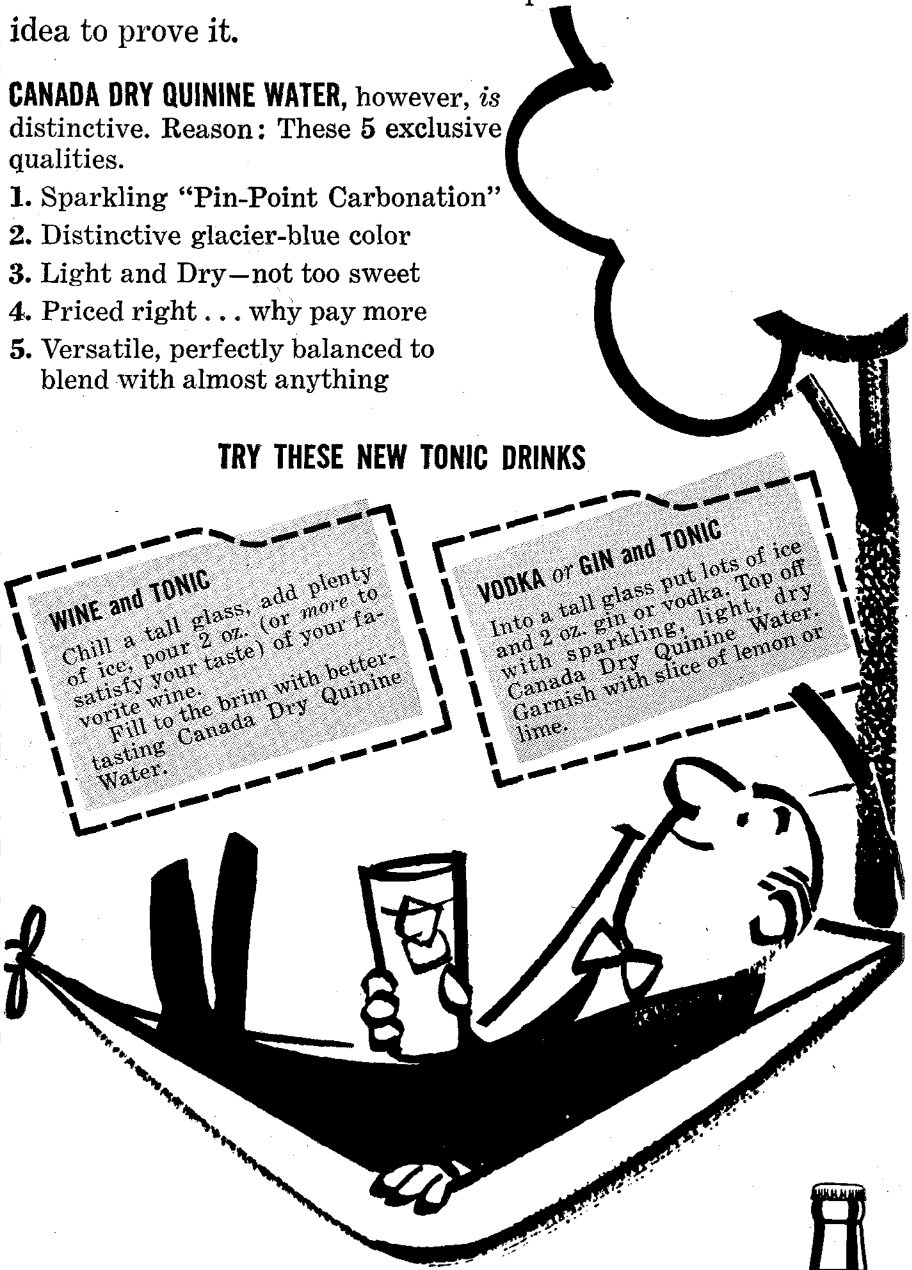

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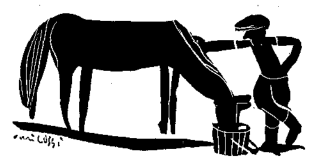
THE RACE TRACK

Show Place

THE event of the week for this department's Division of Plants and Structures was the opening, last Thursday, of Roosevelt Raceway, the palatial stamping ground on Long Island for trotters and pacers and their aficionados. It had all the glamour of a Hollywood première—searchlights, celebrities, fireworks, a band of mummers from Philadelphia, and a crowd of 32,525. On top of all that, a pacer named Razzle Dazzle won the Governor's Cup. It was a good show. Also, it was something of a triumph for George Morton Levy and his associates, who started the raceway seventeen years ago and have run it merrily along ever since. There were rough spots, of course, but there always are on opening nights, and anyway I expect they have been smoothed out by now. The patrons got down to the serious business of straight, place, and the daily double the following evening; the attendance was 28,130 (Friday is always a big night at the trots), and on Saturday it was 39,491. Betting for the three nights totalled $4,428,685. Altogether, it was a first-rate beginning for the meeting, which will run till the snow flies. (The closing date is November 30th.) Devotees of light-harness racing give little thought to the weather, except for how it affects the track, but they may be pleased to know that the grandstand, which has several impressive glass-fronted sections, is equipped with the latest thing in air-conditioning. It blows both hot and cold.



The grandstand is a handsome piece of architecture. When I first saw it, several months ago, I think I mentioned how much it would remind you of Hollywood Park. (Both tracks were designed by Arthur Froehlich.) Well, now that it is finished, I'm ready to say that it goes Hollywood at least one better. At the moment, Mr. Froehlich is building the Hipódromo Nacional, at Caracas, Venezuela, and presently he will turn his attentions to the track we're going to have at Aqueduct. Roosevelt Raceway will do for me until I see the new ones—and maybe even then. After touring the grandstand (and "touring" is the word, because it's eight hundred feet long, two hundred feet from front to back, and five stories high), with its dozen escalators and half-dozen elevators, its roomy and comfortable betting rings, its four restaurants, its lounges and its snack bars all over the place (I liked especially the hot-dog stand with its own odds board), you begin to feel that anything the size of Saratoga is hardly worth considering, and that Belmont Park, no matter how devoted you are to it, looks a little seedy. I'm told that the new Roosevelt Raceway cost twenty million dollars. It looks it. Certainly it's the most colorful stand, inside and out, that I've ever seen. For example, the mezzanine is cool green and sky blue; the upper mezzanine is orange and bronze; and the Cloud Casino, a place on the top floor where you can eat, drink, bet, and watch the races, is white and gold. Even the straight, place, and show mutuel windows are touched up with gay pastels. (Miss Alyne Whalen, Mr. Froehlich's specialist on interiors, used more than two hundred shades of color on the job.) For sheer, unbridled originality, I recommend the murals behind the bars in the clubhouse section. One is a three-dimensional cutout of horses—some trotting and others pacing—done in striking colors, with equally striking lighting effects. My choice is the mural in the Cloud Casino, which shows a row of stylized one-horse war chariots and drivers. Maybe they're Cappadocian horses. I read somewhere that the first trotters on record were Cappadocian; they were bred to pull the battle wagons of two thousand years ago.

The atmosphere at Roosevelt Raceway is gayer and more carefree than that at most other tracks. Sitting in the Cloud Casino, you have a feeling that you're in a posh night club. Indeed, there are a lot of night clubs that are nowhere near as sumptuous. And I don't know where you'd get more action for your money. Colonel Martingale is no trotting-horse man, although for years he never missed a renewal of the Hambletonian, but he agreed with me that the racing on opening night was lively, that all the finishes were close, and that the favorites did no better than they did at Belmont last weekend. Not one finished in front.

A RACE I'd like to have seen was the Sheridan Handicap, at Washington Park in Chicago last Satur-

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day. Even though Round Table was withdrawn because the track was sloppy, it must have been an exciting affair. As I rather expected, Calumet's Iron Liege won comfortably, beating Joe Price and seven others. Clem, who outran Iron Liege in the Arlington Classic, was third. From all accounts, Hartack, by now quite recovered from the injury to his spine that put him at such a disadvantage in the Classic, was in top form, and so was his mount, Iron Liege. By the way, Kentucky Pride, one of the Calumet two-year-olds I saw when I was at Arlington Park last month, is making a name for himself. Recently he won his first start by lengths, and last Saturday, in the race before the Sheridan, he won his second just as convincingly. Chances are that he'll be favorite for the Washington Park Futurity, a fortnight from now.

THIS department has been doing a great deal of skipping around and about lately, but it finally managed to get down to Monmouth Park some days ago, and, as usual, had good fun. The race I caught was the Monmouth Oaks, which Romanita, a filly from Chicago, won by a nose from Evening Time. Market Basket was third. Monmouth has been having topnotch racing again this season, and, incidentally, attracting bigger crowds than Belmont Park. The New York horses haven't been doing as well in Jersey as the New York horseplayers. Bureaucracy, winner of the Dwyer Handicap at Belmont a couple of weeks ago, finished down the course in the Choice Stakes last Saturday. Vertex won.

FOR reasons that it would be tiresome to go into, the sixty-ninth running of the Brooklyn Handicap at Belmont last weekend brought out the most moderate lot of starters I can remember for that famous old event. If you care, Portersville was first, Admiral Vee was second, and Tick Tock was third. Much more interesting and thrilling was the Top Flight, run off earlier in the week, in which Plotter stopped the winning streak of Outer Space. They all get beat if you run them often enough.
—AUDAX MINOR

•

O'Neill, who died in 1953, completely dominates the Broadway scene with four of his plays running simultaneously. His autobiography, "Long Day's Journey into Night," became the hit musical, "My Fair Lady."—*Muncie* (*Ind.*) *Star.*

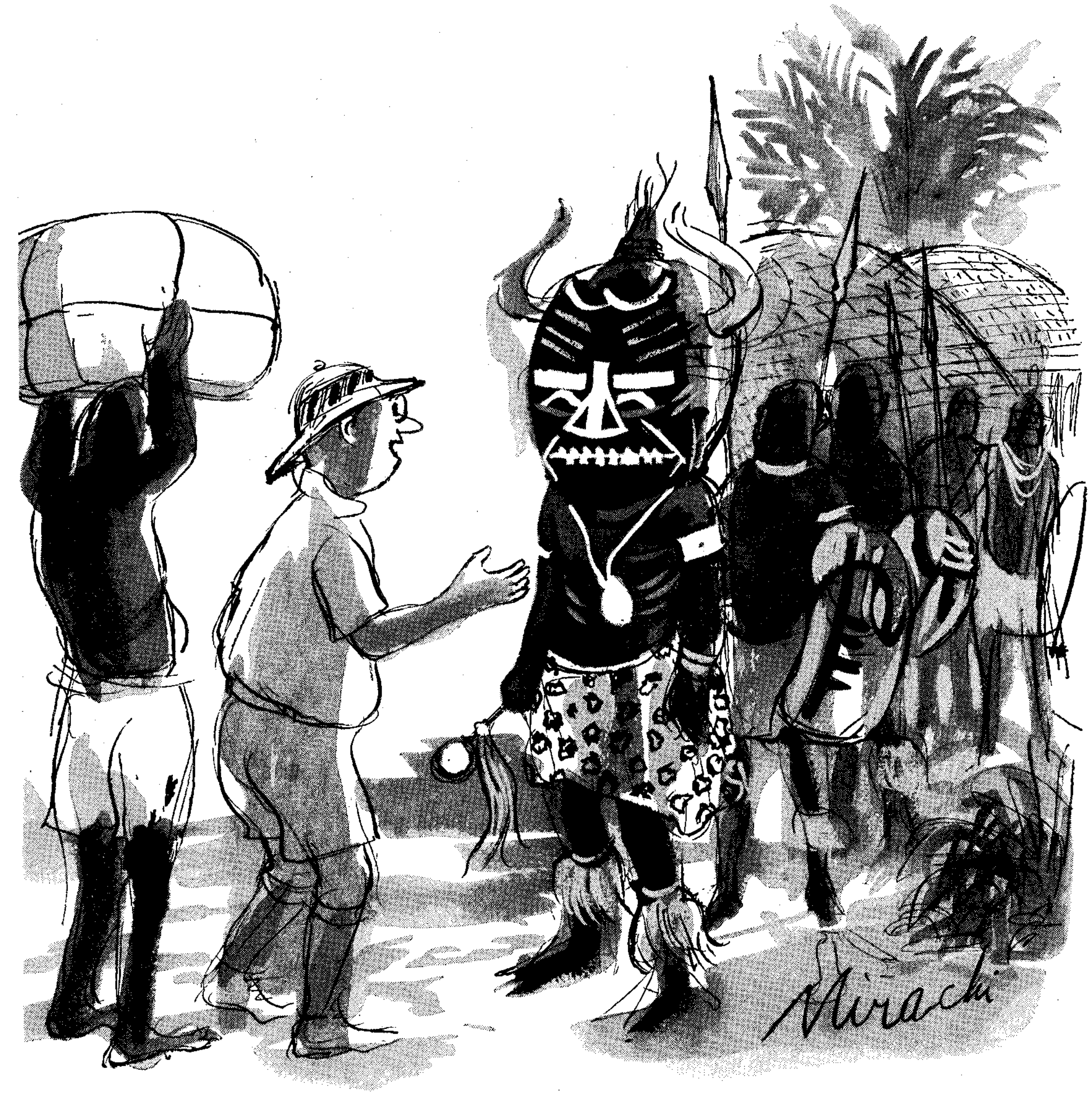
Nobody can say *he's* not dominating.

ONWARD AND UPWARD WITH THE ARTS

A BRISK MORNING AT SOTHEBY'S

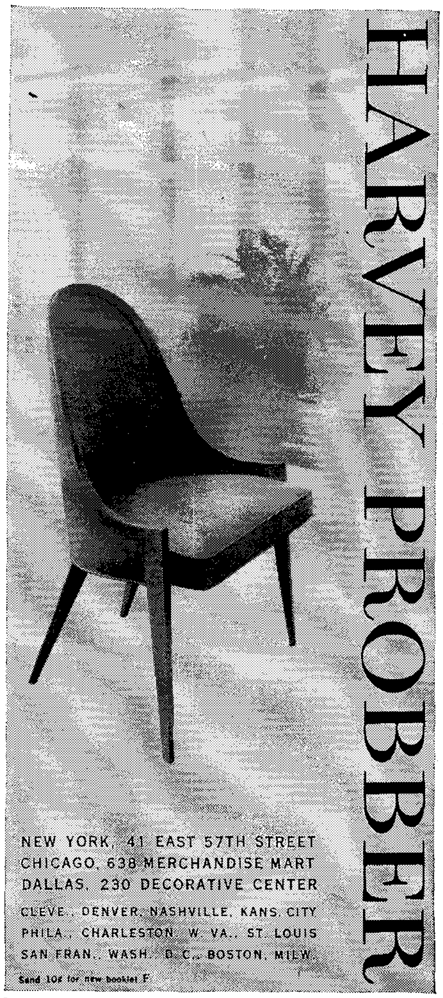
ONE afternoon last June, at the Galerie Charpentier auction rooms, in Paris, the Gauguin "Still-Life with Apples," part of a rich harvest of French art discriminatingly garnered by the late Mrs. Margaret Thompson Biddle, was knocked down at a hundred and four million francs, or two hundred and ninety-seven thousand one hundred and forty-two dollars, to Mr. Basil Goulandris, a Greek shipping magnate. This unprecedented price (though the painting was a fine Gauguin, none of the experts had expected it to fetch more than thirty or forty million francs) was reached when a sudden desire to acquire the canvas ignited simultaneously in the bosoms of Mr. Goulandris and Mr. Stavros Niarchos, another Greek shipowner, causing an explosion of human nature that blew the roof off the international art market. The result of their joint combustion not only laid Paris art dealers by the ears but dramatically brought home to laymen everywhere the fantastic heights to which salesroom prices are soaring for canvases representing certain schools of painting.

About a month later, I was an interested spectator in the London auction rooms of Sotheby & Co., at 34 New Bond Street, during the sale of another remarkable collection of pictures—Impressionist and Post-Impressionist works that had belonged to the late Wilhelm Weinberg, a Dutch banker whose home was in Scarsdale, New York. Coming so soon after the excitement over the Gauguin affair, the sale attracted more advance public notice than any similar event in recent auction-room history, and, according to the newspapers the next day, about three thousand persons attended the proceedings—mostly European and American dealers and collectors, who were there to buy if they could, and fashionable members of the intelligentsia, who wanted to replenish their store of good dinner-party conversation. Fifty-six items, including paintings by Cézanne, Degas, Gauguin, Manet, Monet, Pissarro, Renoir, Redon, Seurat, Sisley, Utrillo, and van Gogh and some bronzes by Daumier, Degas, Maillol, and Picasso, went under the hammer, and between eleven o'clock in the morning and lunchtime the collection realized a total of three hundred and twenty-six thousand five hundred and twenty pounds, or a little more than nine hundred thousand dollars. (Under the terms of Mr. Weinberg's will, the money is to be turned over to charity.) No individual canvas brought in anything like the freak Paris figure, and several dealers remarked that the quality of the Biddle collection had been superior. But the general level of prices at the Weinberg sale was high enough to make it an event that was widely hailed as having firmly put London back once more in the position it held before the war as the center of the international art market.



"I'm glad to meet you. I happen to be a doctor myself."

THERE are several reasons for the booming state of the London salesrooms at the moment, and for the vast number of foreign buyers and sellers who are essentially responsible for the boom. What is no doubt the primary one goes back to December, 1954, when the British Government lifted the currency regulations, enacted in 1940, thereby allowing imported works of art and antiques to be paid for once again in the currency—dollars or otherwise—of the nation they are received from, instead of requiring that all payments be made in



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pounds. The consigning of important collections, like the Weinberg, to London to be sold has somewhat altered the ideas of a number of Englishmen, who, possibly with the activities of the late Lord Duveen in mind, had come to think of art as a one-way stream flowing westward across the Atlantic from the depleted reservoir of Britain's great country houses into Manhattan penthouses and Oyster Bay mansions. As a matter of fact, although during the last half of 1955 and the first half of 1956 the value of English exports of works of art (items, as defined by the Government in licensing them for export, that are more than a hundred years old, are valued at over five hundred pounds, and have been in this country for at least fifty years) came to five and a half million pounds sterling—a disclosure that led to a good deal of pessimistic talk about the drain on the national supply of art treasures—the figure, less widely quoted, for imports of the same precious, frail, and luxurious commodity during the same period amounted to only a little short of five million pounds.

Nor has the whole flow of the outgoing stream been westward, by any means, which points up another reason for the London market's renewed activity—its handy geographical position as a halfway house between the Continent and the Americas. Important sales of pictures, furniture, silver, and other objets d'art at Sotheby's and at Christie's, its famous rival, on King Street, St. James's, attract crowds of people whose names sound like those of a particularly cosmopolitan bunch of passengers on an intercontinental airliner. American private collectors, art merchants, and institutions are, to be sure, regularly powerful bidders in these auction rooms when anything good is going, but they now quite often find themselves outbid by the new rich of certain European countries—the Greeks, for instance, or the French, or the Swiss—and by Asian collectors, as well as by some who are English and have taken to buying boldly out of capital in the free-for-all that the market has lately become. A typical transaction at a Sotheby sale last fall was one in which a London agent paid twenty-seven thousand pounds to acquire for a maharani a large and splendid Corot, owned by the late Jakob Goldschmidt, of New York, of a nude nymph sitting beside a spring. And at the Weinberg sale, a Mr. Bright, a London businessman who the professionals present had no idea was a collector, paid twenty-two thousand pounds for a piece of canvas,

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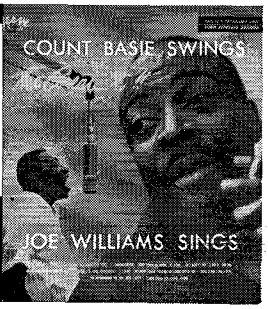
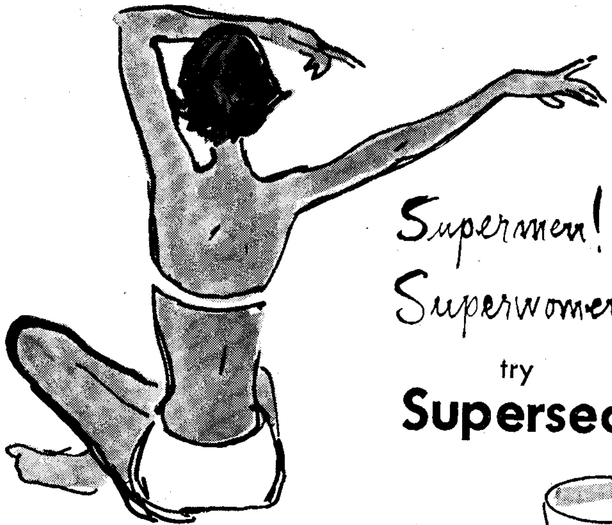


twenty-four and three-quarters inches by twenty and a half inches, on which, sometime between 1884 and 1888, Pierre Auguste Renoir painted a blooming young woman serenely facing the world in a flame-colored dress and a yellow straw boater swathed in flame-colored ribbons.

Certainly, another thing that helps to explain the present phenomenon of climbing prices is the way the new rush of people with new money to spend have suddenly caught on to the idea that an investment in the right canvas not only is as good as an investment in the right gold mine but has the added attraction of being more rewarding aesthetically and socially. The idea might astonish the artists who painted the canvases in the first place—perhaps in an attempt to solve some lonely, private problem—and who frequently found them impossible to sell at any price at all. In the London market, the prices placed on some painters' work keep mounting steeply from month to month. "I thought that the top had been reached in 1950, but they're still rising, and I wouldn't like to predict when they'll stop," a senior partner in one auction firm remarked the other day. A fine Rembrandt or Vermeer or Titian, say the experts, would still command the highest auction prices. "But there aren't any," they invariably add, their point being that all the celebrated canvases of this calibre are stowed away in the world's great national or private collections, which means there is little or no hope of their being put on the market again in the foreseeable future, and that no sensational new examples of the Old Masters' work have recently turned up.

The most correct and ardently sought-after decorations for the homes of today's wealthy, as the Paris and London sales figures have impressively demonstrated, are the works of the Impressionists and the Post-Impressionists. An occasional sophisticated and affluent collector may veer in some other direction, but to most newly arrived art buyers the works of the better known late-nineteenth-century French painters—so reassuringly opulent in their price, so handy for the walls of a flat or a yacht, and so admirably agreeable for mingling with the French furniture that is currently also fetching big money in London—are the most desirable buys. Some London art dealers regard the enormous rise in the prices bid for such paintings as simply in keeping with the equally enormous drop in the purchasing power of the pound, and they argue



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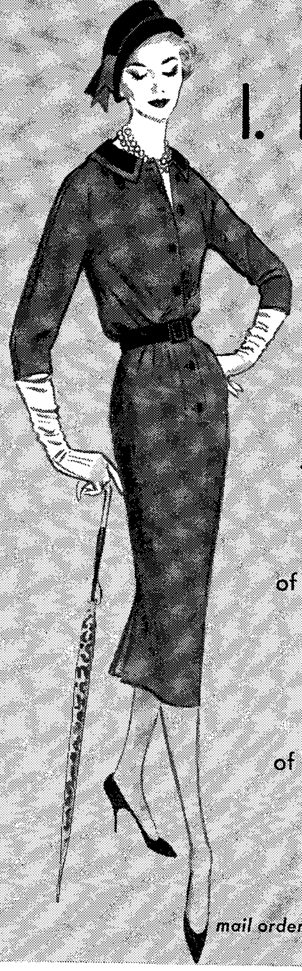

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that, measured by this standard, the present price of a van Gogh or a Seurat begins to make sense. It is possible, of course, that the Impressionists will become the victims of one of those mysterious changes in taste to which the art-buying public is susceptible, just as have the eighteenth-century English portraitists, whose works Duveen so enthusiastically acquired and so profitably bore home to his clients. Many of the old portraits are now crossing the Atlantic again, in the reverse direction, and showing up once more in the London market, having between trips experienced a severe plunge in value that ought to make the blooming young things in yellow straw boaters look thoughtful. "For a portrait of a lovely woman by Gainsborough—the king of painters of lovely women, to my mind—you would pay less today than you would for just a plain horse by Stubbs," a leading dealer observed in disgust not long ago, referring to an eighteenth-century English painter of equine subjects. "I know I could pick up the telephone and sell a good Stubbs right away, but a Gainsborough, unless it was a particularly fine one, would hang fire." At the moment, however, a lovely woman painted by Renoir need fear no competition from a horse, unless someone should turn up a remarkable and hitherto unknown example of Gauguin's little Tahitian ponies scampering over rose-pink sands.

THE fine and thriving state of the London art market is related in more ways than one to the Government's fiscal policies. The Chancellor of the Exchequer recently ruled that valuable works of art will be accepted—separately, rather than as part of the total contents of some great white-elephant country house—in lieu of death duties, this being an amendment to an earlier ruling that such a house, complete with pictures and furniture, would be so accepted only if sufficient money was also handed over to endow it as a national show place. Under the new arrangement, England's national galleries and museums eventually stand to gain a splendid windfall of magnificent pictures and other beautiful objects accumulated through the centuries by intelligent noblemen who, in the good old days when no government bothered about export licenses, returned from the conventional grand tours with rich hauls of foreign art. It is an indication of how abundantly the noblemen filled this storehouse that, according to conservative authorities in the London art world, many family collections, despite the gaps made in them by two successive waves of hard times and subsequent wide-scale selling, are still far from depleted.

Now and then, it happens that the owner of a fine collection feels the burden of heavy taxation so painful that, obliged to look after himself rather than his heirs, he puts some of his treasures on the open market. If one of Britain's great public art collections—the National Gallery, say, or the Tate—wishes to purchase a distinguished painting that has come up for sale in this fashion, its situation would appear to be distinctly awkward, because, what with today's prices and the shoestring annual grants the state allows such institutions for purchases, they cannot hope to bid successfully for it at a place like Sotheby's or Christie's. But the prospects are not quite as gloomy as they seem, for if the painting—and this is also true of any other outstanding antique object—is bought by a foreign dealer or collector, he must apply for permission to take it out of England, and his application is subject to the approval of a four-man Reviewing Committee on the Export of Works of Art, headed by Lord Cottesloe, that was set up in 1952 to keep a watchful eye on masterpieces whose "departure . . . would be a misfortune." The committee's powers are such that if, for example, the Director of the National Gallery, Sir Philip Hendy, should inform its members that in his estimation a certain picture ought to be kept in England as a matter of national interest, they may decide to deny the buyer's application and to make the National Gallery a special Exchequer grant enabling it to purchase the painting from him for the same price he paid for it at auction. This is undoubtedly tough on the buyer, but it is considerably fairer all around than the way things are done in a number of other European countries, which sometimes also refuse to allow the export of a coveted object, but shunt it into a national collection at a substantially lower price than that paid by its would-be exporter. The assurance of a square deal from the British Government seems to be still another factor that has helped along the current London auction boom.

As might be expected, several objections have been raised by various interested parties to the state's coming in at the last moment and, as it were, buying in works of art that have been sold at auction. The dealers object,

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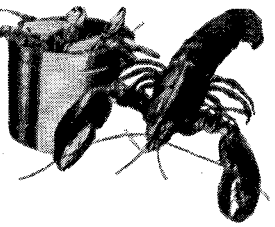

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naturally, but so, too, do the national galleries and museums, which would much prefer to have the cash in their pockets in advance of the sale, so that they could bargain with the owner at an early stage in the negotiations rather than wait for a special grant to buy at the top price, after stiff bidding among representatives of wealthy private collectors and heavily endowed institutions all over the world. From time to time, there are debates in Parliament in which the Government is urged to step up its extremely skimpy financial support of the national collections, thereby extricating these galleries from their present irritating and frustrating position of having to go cap in hand to the Chancellor with the request that he drop in an occasional Velázquez or El Greco. One of the arguments put forth by the rooters for more generous purchasing grants is that English owners of great pictures are as a rule so favorably disposed toward the idea of seeing them end up in one of their national museums that they would be willing to accept a relatively modest price in order to keep the paintings from reaching the London auction market and its competitive hurly-burly. But others argue that works of art should be free to move where the money is, and that a Government policy of continuing to drive great canvases into museums at a steady clip will ultimately mean the perishing, for sheer lack of nourishment, of the private connoisseurship that in the past was responsible for so much of today's riches.

PROFESSIONAL dealers, who live by deciding what Greek shipowners are going to want—or can be persuaded that they want—to collect next, and persons in search of dinner-party chitchat were not the only ones to become excited over the sale of the Weinberg pictures. It also caused a big stir among those who simply enjoy looking at pictures. The number of such individuals seems to have gone up in England as sharply as the value of the pictures they enjoy looking at. After the war, during which the National Gallery collection was sent to repose in safety in a series of rock chambers in Manod Quarry, two hundred feet beneath a bleak Welsh mountain, and a great painting was as rare a sight as a lighted street lamp, Londoners appeared to feel the same sort of sudden, desperate hunger for art that they had felt for the deep and calming consolation of music while the air raids were on. The most extraordinary manifestations of this postwar hunger occurred during the van Gogh exhibi-

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tion at the Tate Gallery in 1947, when thousands patiently stood in line for admission—hour after hour, day after day, rain or shine—in a huge crocodile that straggled halfway down Millbank, as though queuing up for some especially satisfying kind of food they had long been deprived of. The number of visitors to the National Gallery that year was around a million, as against an annual six hundred thousand just before the war, and handsome art books and reproductions have since been selling steadily in spite of their comparative costliness. The London newspapers regularly print paragraphs about pictures that are being put up for sale at Christie's or Sotheby's, and it is pretty certain that Fleet Street, though no doubt philanthropic in other ways, would not devote space to such news items unless it felt that its readers wanted to read them.

Two days before the Weinberg sale took place, the immense public interest in it was heightened when the Queen, with the Duke of Edinburgh and Princess Margaret, paid a quiet evening visit to Sotheby's and was shown around the collection by the firm's directors. Though Her Majesty, upon ascending to the throne, automatically became the owner of many fine works of art, she has never been an art patron in the sense that her mother, Queen Elizabeth, who buys modern paintings, is, or that her grandmother, Queen Mary, in her day a regular and knowledgeable visitor at auction rooms and dealers' shops, was. Since, in the ordinary way of things, it is possible that a promising yearling would bring more of a gleam to the royal eye than the most superb Cézanne ever painted, this visit to see the Weinberg pictures would seem to be significant as an indication of the extent to which art—its fashions, its fluctuating prices, and its current skyrocketing in the London market—has become big news.

SOTHEBY'S is an old firm, having been founded in 1744 by a Mr. Samuel Baker, who started out as a book auctioneer in premises just off the Strand. The company's present home, on New Bond Street, has a modest entrance, tucked away so unassumingly between a jeweller's shop and a newspaper kiosk that on most days the uninitiated stand a good chance of walking right past it. On the morning of the Weinberg sale, however, nobody could miss it. When I turned up there, shortly after ten o'clock, the pavement outside was already crowded with chattering people, and shopping ladies—on their way to look in at less splendid sales of more practical wares being held on Regent and Oxford Streets—had joined the throng, under the vague impression, it was evident from their remarks, that a bride was somewhere in the immediate vicinity. Clutching their illustrated catalogues—and the tickets that Sotheby's had sent out to its clients for reasons that speedily became clear—those headed for the auction were beginning to edge their way, as though at a smart first night, up a short staircase from the street, filling the narrow passageway with a clatter of international tongues.

When, at length, I reached the top of the staircase, the situation seemed even more chaotic. Normally, Sotheby's presents a picture of dignified calm—as English as a London club in which most of the habitués know one another—and its porters, kindly-faced, elderly men who move the pictures and pieces of furniture around, look, indeed, rather like club servants. It is a soothing spot to drop into for a browsing half hour or so. The place, or what the public sees of it, consists of a large auction gallery, papered a plummy crimson, and two smaller ones, done in a depressing green that supposedly is as kind to paintings as it unquestionably is hard on the female complexion. In the two green rooms, prowling gentlemen with umbrellas hooked over their arms earnestly examine cases of Meissen china and Georgian silver, or, snatching a small canvas from the wall, hold it a few inches from their eyes as if testing it with invisible antennae. There is also a book-auction room, where on sale days studious men sit among the folios with the air of having been there for several months, and perhaps by now needing a dust.

But on the morning of the Weinberg sale, Mr. Samuel Baker would probably have had some difficulty in recognizing his old business. In the main gallery and the two smaller rooms, rows of chairs were packed tightly together. A closed-circuit television system had been installed so that those holding white tickets, entitling them to sit only in either of the two small galleries, would be able to view the auction scene in the big room, to which none but the holders of dark-green tickets were admitted. A Sotheby's director was sitting at a rostrum in each of the white-ticket rooms, prepared to communicate the bids of the two television audiences to the main gallery by telephone, thus making the whole affair an exciting and unusual blend of auction room and racecourse. These efficient arrangements at first sight were obviously neither clear nor satisfactory to the struggling multitude. White-ticket holders, like outraged peris barred from a green-ticket paradise, besieged the doors of the main gallery and besought the help of some young ladies of the staff, who distractedly consulted lists. I recognized Mrs. Carmen Gronau, a slight, slender woman who is Sotheby's picture cataloguer, calling out directions in French from the center of a mob of people, all of them trampling about so grimly that one envisaged the price of a Monet in every pocket.

In the big auction gallery, B.B.C. and N.B.C. television crews had mounted cameras at the back of the room and were inscrutably looking on while the green-ticket holders shuffled up and down the rows, searching for their names, which were fixed to the chair cushions. I eventually found my chair and sat down. A lady who was already installed beside me turned and asked if I could point out Lord Rothschild or the Baron Elie de Rothschild, or, failing that, the agent who was said to have come along on behalf of Mr. Goulandris, the victorious bidder for the Paris Gauguin. The big London, Paris, and New York dealers, who had been allotted ringside seats right under the auctioneer's mahogany rostrum, moved into them quietly, stopping to shake hands with friends on the way, and sat without consulting their catalogues, for they were men who had already decided on, and buttoned up in their minds, the exact amounts they were prepared to give for what they were there to buy, if they could. The press photographers wasted no time on them, but squeezed themselves energetically between the rows of seats to get shots of women who had felt that an auction of van Goghs and Cézannes merited wearing their freshest, loveliest Paris hats no less than Ascot, where the race is, after all, only between horses. The room was warm. On a skylight roof overhead, workmen crawled about pulling back a tarpaulin covering so that the light would be stronger.

AFTER every seat was occupied and people were standing jammed at the back of the gallery, the empty rostrum began to dominate the attention of the audience with the pull of the conductor's podium at that moment when an orchestra, ceasing its thrilling day-of-creation yawnings and groanings and twitterings, falls silent. At two minutes past eleven, Mr. Peter Wilson, who is one of Sotheby's directors in charge of pictures, climbed up onto it,

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smiled deprecatingly in response to a playful burst of clapping from some friends in the front row, and asked for an opening bid of a hundred pounds for three small bronze figures by Honoré Daumier. (They finally brought fourteen hundred pounds.) Below him stood an alert-looking man with bristling gray hair, whose business it was to cast a hawklike glance over the room and pounce on any bid the auctioneer might fail to see, but his assistance was rarely needed, for Mr. Wilson, a man with a gentle but remarkably carrying voice and a way of pausing almost affectionately to wait for the gentleman on his right—or left—to advance another thousand pounds, is known in the art world to have the sharpest pair of eyes in London. Beyond the gray-haired man sat a pair of men with their ears glued to telephones—like the tic-tac men at horse races, signalling to bookmakers, these two were going to signal the bets from the lesser rooms down the course.

The bronzes, and some drawings by Delacroix and Toulouse-Lautrec, having been dispatched, two porters began putting up on an easel, one by one, the paintings that Weinberg had collected and that had shared his love—a bond that had still seemed to link them when I had seen them on the walls of Sotheby's, where they were on exhibit for several days preceding the sale. The invisible unifying factor in any collection is the man who put it together, and Mr. Weinberg's love had provided these travellers from Europe to America and back across the Atlantic again with a common roof under which they had continued to shelter during those few last days that they had remained together as one man's cherished possessions. But now, isolated from one another, they looked dwarfed and dimmed, reduced to the stature of squares of merchandise, which the porters, before placing them on the easel, held above their heads in the ritual auction gesture for the visitors' appraisal. Each time the porters did this, a Frenchwoman sitting near me would pluck off the dark glasses she was wearing, screw up her eyes, and direct at the picture the intense, cold, calculating gaze of a shrewd housewife on being offered a chicken at market that might or might not be as tender as claimed, and that was anyhow bound to be expensive enough to upset her budget for a week.

The first sizable price was given for an early Cézanne—his small brown portrait of Hortense Fiquet, who later became Madame Cézanne, in a brown

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dress, painted just before he joined Pissarro at Pontoise in 1873 and began to paint under the influence of the Impressionists. The bidding for this ran up swiftly to eight thousand pounds, and then paused uncertainly, while Madame Cézanne sat there on the easel—hands clasped, eyes downcast—and Mr. Wilson imperturbably surveyed the room with the air of being prepared to give anyone a second, third, or even fourth chance. But suddenly, obeying some occult impulse, the rows of seats again began scribbling bids in their curious, esoteric shorthand—chalking five-hundred-pound raises by means of the barely perceptible nod, the tiny flutter of a catalogue, the seemingly casual lift of a finger—that Mr. Wilson found so readily legible. At fourteen thousand pounds, Madame Cézanne, in her modest gown, passed into the possession of a dealer who was buying for an American client. While the room buzzed with comment, hundreds of ball-point pens wrote the figure, big and bold, in the margins of catalogues.

Mr. Wilson, aloft in his mahogany watchtower, proceeded pleasantly, almost conversationally, from Mr. Weinberg's Cézannes to his Corot, his two Degases, his Fantin-Latours of pale roses and matte-white phlox posing in glass jars, and then to his Gauguin of two naked urchins—one removing something from between his toes, the other sitting on a towel scratching his back—sunning themselves on the yellow sands at Pont-Aven. The Gauguin fell to a dealer's gallery for seventeen thousand pounds, prompting someone near me to remark, "His wrong period, of course. If it had been Tahiti, now, it would have been a very different thing." After that came a beautiful, untypical Monet of a forget-me-not-blue wooden house and wall beside the dove-colored waters of a canal at Zaandam, which another art merchant bought for twenty-two thousand pounds. Several of the foreign dealers shook their heads lugubriously over the prices, as even some sketches by Pissarro, charming things done in black chalk and color wash, climbed into the thousands.

The excitement mounted noticeably when the porters held up Renoir's "Jeune Femme au Corsage Rouge," who raised the discreet hum of admiration that a pretty girl gets when she walks into a room. Press photographers rushed forward to snap her picture as she sat there in her flame-colored dress and summery hat, black eyes smiling, looking calm and healthy, ready to be taken to lunch in the Bois, or—lolling under a parasol—for a boat ride on the

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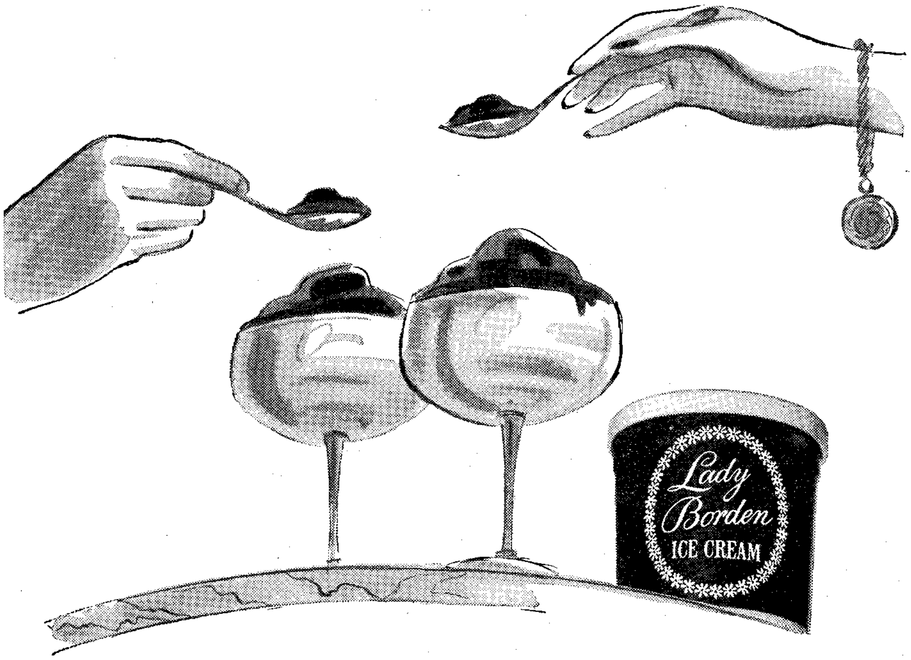

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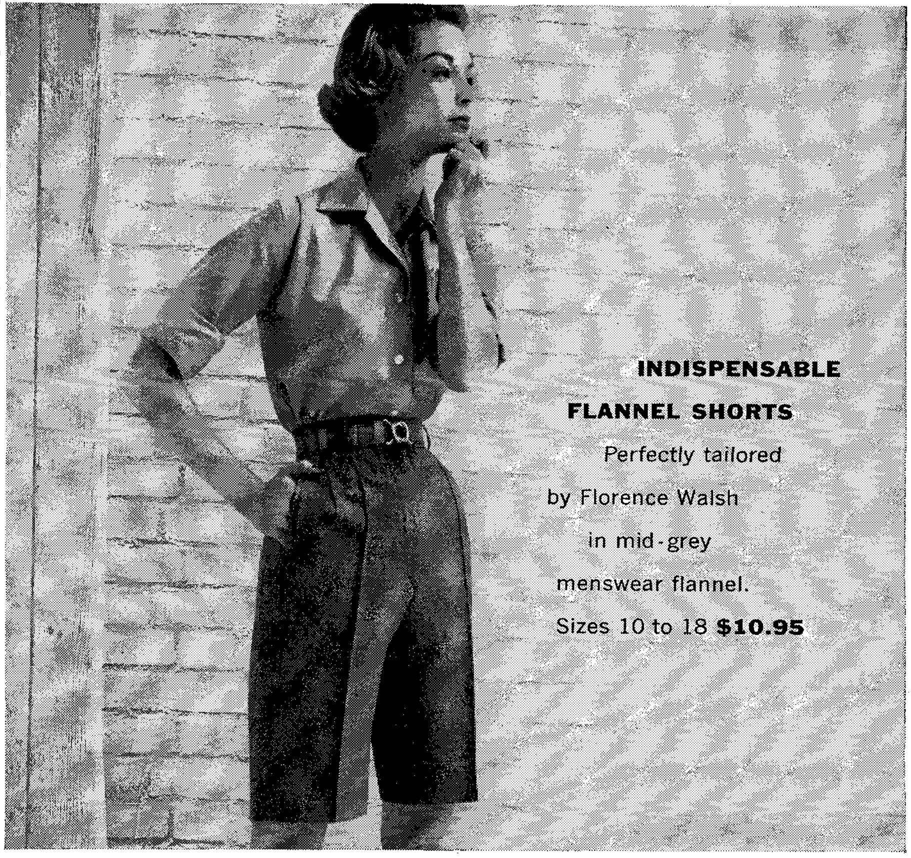

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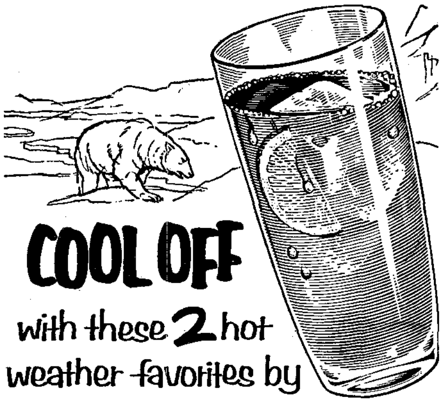
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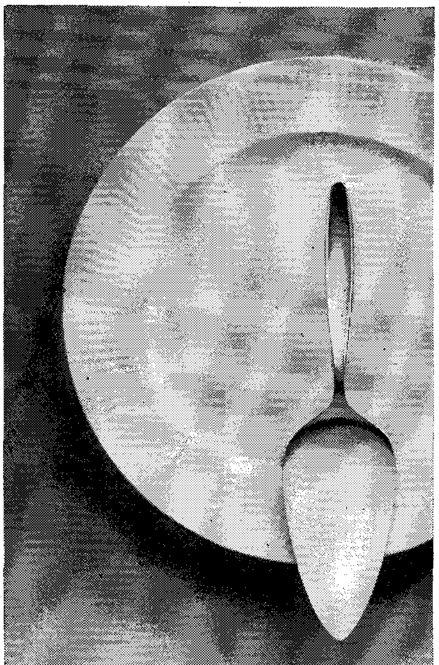
Seine, or to bed. A man at a telephone waved an arm again and again to catch Mr. Wilson's eye; somebody watching the television screen out in one of the smaller rooms was chasing the bidding up to twenty thousand pounds. But at that figure, the ghostly pursuer dropped off, and the surprising Mr. Bright captured the young woman for twenty-two thousand pounds—maybe for motives of good business, maybe for love. Renoir is estimated to have painted two thousand pictures during his lifetime, of which "Jeune Femme au Corsage Rouge" is simply one peach, not particularly luscious, in a whole peachy orchard of girls. People kept on craning their necks to try and spot her purchaser, who was said to be standing over near the door, where the jam was now considerable.

When the van Goghs, the high point of the sale, were put up, all the gay hats bent this way and that, like the cornflowers and marguerites the artist delighted to show being blown by a warm wind in an open field. Mr. Wilson asked mildly if someone would give him an opening bid of five thousand pounds for "Les Usines à Clichy"—a view of red-roofed factories belching smoke from their stacks, and, in the foreground, one of van Gogh's more recognizable shimmering summer meadows—which was sold for eighteen hundred pounds in Berlin in 1928. And now the men in the front rows came out with their elbows squared. The bidding rattled along, this time going up a thousand pounds with each flutter of a catalogue, to the day's top price of thirty-one thousand pounds, at which Knoedler's bought the picture. The same firm paid twenty-six thousand pounds for the blue-and-gold "Head of an Angel" that van Gogh, who reputedly sold precisely one picture in his lifetime, painted from an engraving (of a painting attributed to Rembrandt) that his brother, Théo, sent him to help while away the time when he was in the asylum at St. Rémy. The cameras whirred, the photographers clustered around as though focussing on some important visitors who were there only briefly and would soon take off again into the limitless blue. One or two people glanced at their watches; spending so much money, even by proxy, makes for a slight sensation of faintness in the stomach and brings on thoughts of nourishment. But very soon, Mr. Wilson briskly cracked down his hammer on a van Gogh pencil sketch called "Le Charpentier," showing a bearded workman on his way home, with his bag and saw slung on his back, and the Wein-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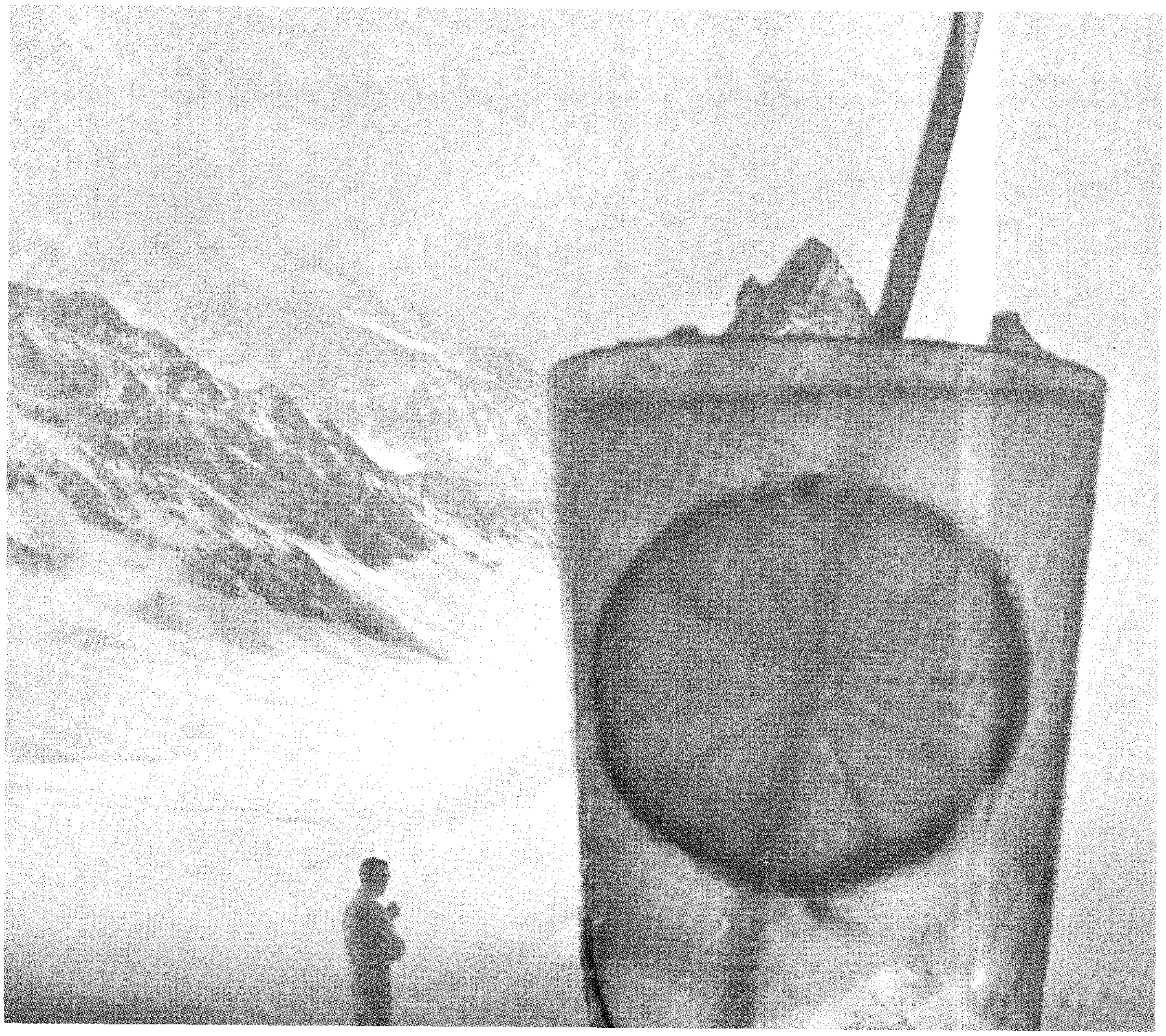

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berg sale was over. A babble of voices filled the establishment as the crowds began to make their way slowly out of the place and down the stairs into the sunshine of New Bond Street, where a throng of casual passersby was waiting at either side of the entrance and on the opposite sidewalk, like people who have been attracted to come and gaze at a house in which some event, glamorous but only dimly apprehended, is occurring.

THE *Times* next day reported the sale in a prominent position on its center page, under the headline "£326,520 PAID AT SOTHEBY'S FOR MODERN MASTERS," which seemed a neatly ironic commentary on its lead heading three columns away—"INFLATION WARNING BY CHANCELLOR." That afternoon, the House of Lords met to debate a Labour motion calling attention to the imperative need for an increase in the state's financial assistance to the arts. It was a fascinating debate, though only a modest turnout of peers had thought it worth attending. Several speakers referred to the Sotheby's sale and the high prices that had been paid there for a van Gogh, a Monet, a Renoir, and a Gauguin. During the debate, it was brought out that the National Gallery has an annual purchasing grant of twelve thousand five hundred pounds and the Tate Gallery one in the vicinity of ten thousand pounds. At today's galloping prices, it was pointed out, either of these grants would have to be left to accumulate for half a dozen years, and possibly longer, before one major masterpiece could be bought. Back in the eighties, it was also noted, the National Gallery's purchase grant stood at ten thousand pounds, which was sufficient to buy during one year a Botticelli, a Giorgione, and a Mantegna, among other canvases, at prices that were spoken of at the time as being outrageously high, but that at the Weinberg sale might barely have purchased half a van Gogh drawing. Several speakers urged that the National Gallery's grant be increased to a minimum of eighty thousand pounds a year. One noble lord asked whether French nineteenth-century paintings, which in 1900 "could be bought for as many shillings as they cost pounds today," were not fetching fantastic top-of-the-market prices, and whether the Tate Gallery would not do better to be interested in the now low-priced canvases of, for instance, the great Victorian painter Landseer. Lord Strabolgi said crisply that the Tate was full of Landseers, but,

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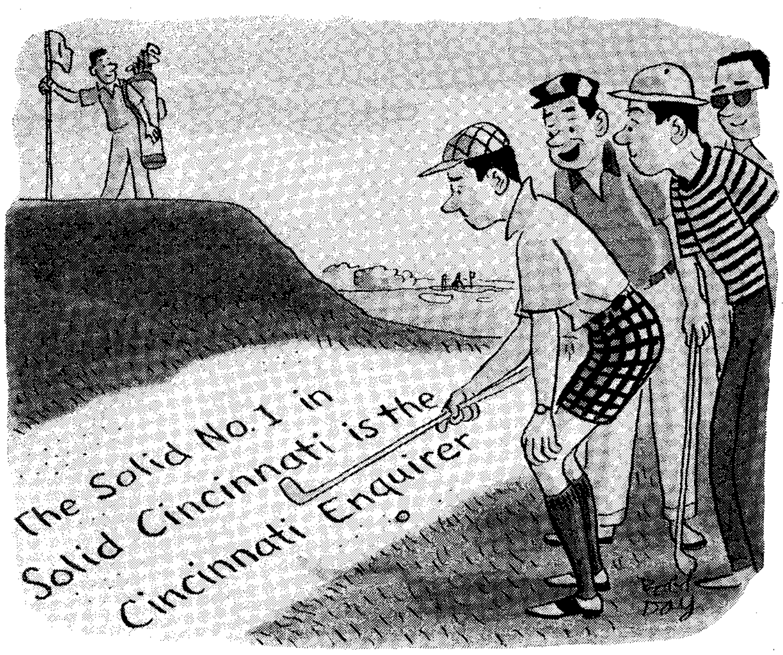

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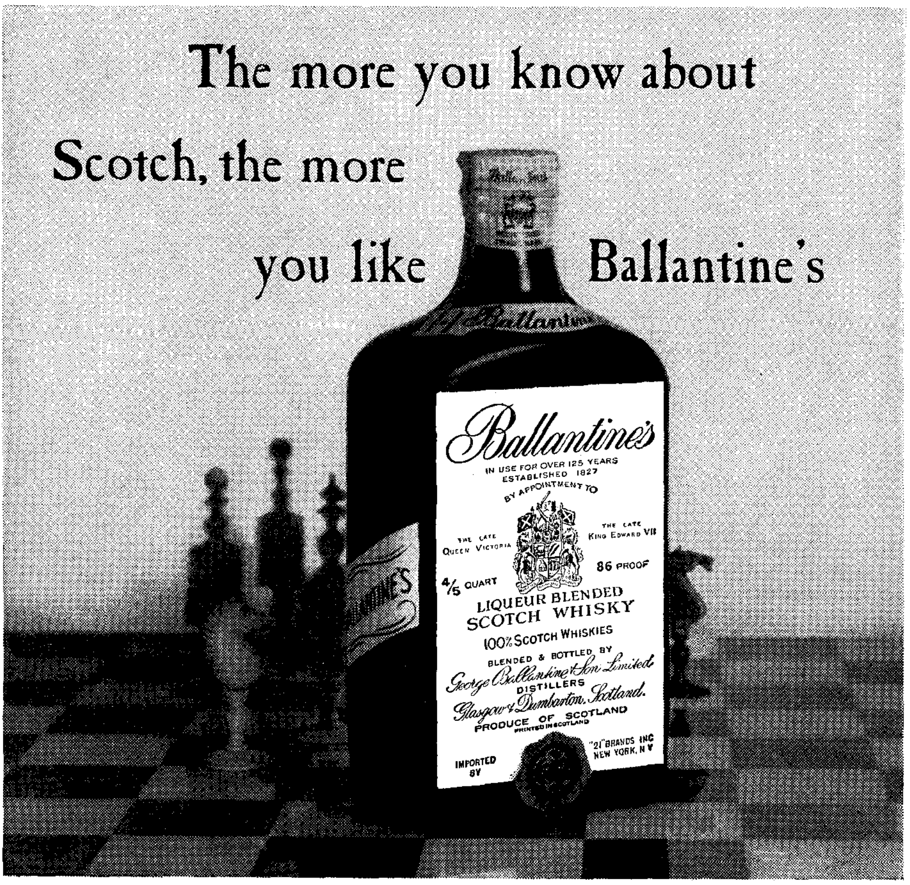

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because of lack of money, it had few Impressionists that were not on loan from some private collector, no Picasso later than 1932, no Braque later than 1928, and no major Matisse at all. At eight-twenty-four, Lord Mancroft, rising in a rapidly emptying Chamber to reply for the Government, promised that the Chancellor would give consideration to the problem of larger purchase grants in the next financial year. Lord Silkin, who had put forward the motion favoring greater state aid, said that he was profoundly disappointed in Lord Mancroft's reply, which was much what he and his colleagues had heard before, and that personally he "did not put very much store on it." He ended sadly, "But most people have gone, and . . . anyway, the Chief Whip wants to get away and have his dinner. In those circumstances, I can only, with regret, beg leave to withdraw the motion." Upon this note, the others present rose and went to have their own dinners. —MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

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DEPARTMENT OF AMPLIFICATION

NEW YORK, N.Y.,
JULY 29, 1957

To the Editors, *The New Yorker*,
DEAR SIRS:

JOHN DAY, in his recent essay on instances of God's intervention on behalf of American athletes, "The Lord Did the Rest" (in your issue of July 27th), wrote that he had not heard Him directly invoked in baseball. I am sure that Mr. Day, as well as your readers, will welcome the news that this oversight, or whatever it was, has since been remedied—and only a day or so after the appearance of Mr. Day's article on the stands! I cite the testimony of young Jim Bunning, star pitcher of the Detroit Tigers, as quoted in the *Times* of July 28th, two days after a game he'd pitched against the Yankees:

> "I realize the slider made me a better pitcher, technically speaking," he said. "But I wouldn't have been able to make it work without the help of the Man upstairs. If He didn't want me to win, I wouldn't be able to—no matter how many pitches I developed."

Need I add that this combination proved too much for the league-leading Yankees? Jim and the Man upstairs allowed them only two hits and beat them, 3–2.

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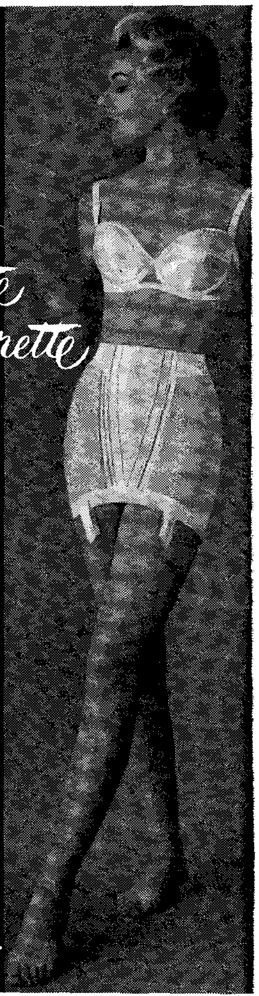

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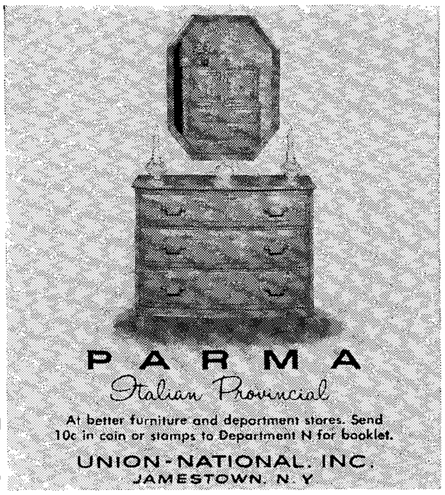

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TABLES FOR TWO

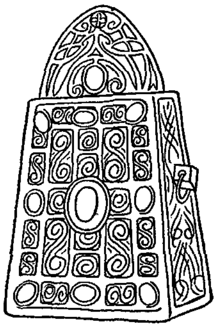
Mr. Ophir and Others

THERE are distinct signs of artistry in the work of Shai K. Ophir, a young pantomimist from Israel who is doing his stuff these nights in the barren reaches of West Seventy-second Street, at a place called the Club Sahbra. He winds up a haphazard entertainment that purports to be largely Israeli in nature, and may be, but that is also rather nondescript until he takes over. A short, compact man with the mobile features and superb coördination required in his calling, Mr. Ophir goes about his business dressed in a black jersey and black trousers. Like many other pantomimists, he is essentially a comedian, but unlike most of them, he talks now and again—in French, Italian, and English, the night I heard him. He introduces his own sketches and sometimes puts words into the mouths of his characters. For example, in his impression of a realistic Italian movie—a remarkably effective number, in which a trio plays the theme song from "La Strada" in the background—he spouts Italian phrases as he acts out an absurdly earthy tragedy about a man and his dog. Then, in a bit in which he takes two parts, an American tourist, played in pure dumb show, becomes so confused trying to get directions from an anything-but-dumb Frenchman that he eventually hails a taxi. In one of his silent vignettes, he creates an extremely funny Spanish flamenco dancer who loses his glasses in the midst of his work. If I have any reservations about Mr. Ophir's turn, they are mainly concerned with its lack of editing. His taste is erratic. He is, however, an artist of parts and a refreshing figure to encounter in a supper club, particularly in this lazy season. The room itself, incidentally, is fairly large and comfortable, and pleasantly decorated. As for the other performers, they included a willing and pretty but somewhat unavailing Yemenite dancer; a woman who sang Israeli songs hoarsely; and a mildly engaging master of ceremonies, who also offered songs in various languages.

THE other evening, I took an elevator up to the Starlight Roof of the Waldorf-Astoria prepared to enjoy the second of this summer's bills there, but I'm sorry to report that I came away distressed by the whole business. Diahann Carroll, the singer, and Lionel Hampton's band are the attractions, and I have seen them both under much happier circumstances. The band, which struck me as being poorly organized, often created only noise, and stirred up so little excitement that Hampton's familiar bits of exhibitionism (moving from vibraphones to drums to piano with his eyes glazed and his head bobbing, as if he were possessed by the music) seemed contrived and ridiculous. Regrettable as these shenanigans were, it might have been possible to overlook them and make an agreeable evening of it if the lovely Miss Carroll had been able to exercise her full charm consistently rather than sporadically. A young woman with a sweet face and a voice to match, she was most compelling in her simpler moments, but they were pretty thoroughly obscured by a routine in which she was forced to act like a conventionally brazen night-club singer. The somewhat frantic musical arrangements, the most vulgar of which was a jittery, double-time treatment of "I Didn't Know What Time It Was," didn't help, either, and I was dismayed to find that Miss Carroll's delivery of "A Sleepin' Bee," a beguiling song she introduced with a wonderfully innocent spirit in the Broadway musical "House of Flowers," has coarsened. The one piece she shone in all the way through was "Island in the West Indies," an old show tune, which she put over with the proper combination of buoyancy and delicacy.

THE jazz rooms appear to be thriving this summer, and some new ones have opened their doors in the past month. One of them, Bourbon Street, is just off the lobby of the Sutton Hotel, way over on East Fifty-sixth Street, and is, as its title implies, devoted to Dixieland music. The resident band, which I understand will remain there until well into the fall, is Turk Murphy's septet, a California outfit. It is one of those new organizations that are bent on recreating traditional jazz, and it does so with humor, verve, and—above all—skill. Murphy, a portly fellow, blows trombone, lending a great deal of force to the ensemble work and dexterously reinforcing the spirited solos of the trumpeter. The rest of the combina-

Ah, But The
Bell Was
St. Patrick's!



Shrine of St. Patrick's Bell, National Museum, Dublin.

WHO BUT THE IRISH would take a bell of iron and put it in a case of gold? But there's a reason (there always is, with the Irish!): The bell was St. Patrick's, and it was King Donall Ua Laichlann who decreed that his craftsmen should encase it in a beautiful shrine of gold. The Irish have always treasured fine things—in the very earliest days, even before Irish gold was smelted, royal craftsmen were hammering out masterpieces of brooches and clasps in bronze.

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tion consists of clarinet, banjo, piano, tuba, and drums. They play all the old standards ("Panama," "After You've Gone," "Peoria," "Pineapple Rag," "Evolution," and "When the Saints Go Marching In" made up most of one set the night I dropped into the room), and, true to the usual pattern of the Dixieland band, the musicians are frequently entertaining to watch; the clarinettist, for instance, blows up his cheeks, singly or together, like little balloons as he plays, and the banjoist, a scrawny, expressionless chap, holds his instrument high on his chest and close to one shoulder, giving the curious impression that he's a mechanical toy.

AN attractive young woman named Annie Ross, whom you may remember as the girl in "Cranks," an unusual revue that played on Broadway last year, is estivating in that Sixth Avenue corner saloon known as Upstairs at the Downstairs. Standing on the tiny dais and singing a few songs now and then throughout the evening, she manages to create a pleasant effect with some novel slants on her material—as, for example, when she presents an offbeat verse to "Little Girl Blue." I think I liked her best, though, when her piano accompanist, Blossom Dearie, joined her in lightly swinging duets of "Love Is the Reason" and "Nice Work If You Can Get It."

—D. W.

•

Dear Dr. Steincrohn: Being a regular reader of your column I am now turning to you for advice. Would it be possible to send me a list of the doctors in Chicago who you would consider diseases?—Mr. A. Z.—*Letter in Dr. Peter J. Steincrohn's column in the Washington Star.*

We have a little list.

•

OTTAWA, July 15 (UP)—Pay raises of about 6 per cent for all members of the armed forces and the Royal Canadian Mounted Police were announced today.

The increases, radioactive to May 1, followed last week's general pay boost.

—*Sarasota (Fla.) Herald-Tribune.*

Any progress yet on a "clean" payroll?

•

Irwin Shaw, the different New Yorker magazine short-story writer (his stories have middles *and* endings) has put together ten under the title "Tip on a Dead Jockey." Seven originally appeared in The New Yorker.—*Herbert Mitgang in the Times.*

The magazine that is the despair of all.

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TEE AND GREEN

The Publinx

THE United States Golf Association's Amateur Public Links Championship has come up with many fine winners in its thirty-five-year history, among them subsequent National Open and Professional Golfers Association champions, but it wouldn't surprise me if this year's successful finalist—eighteen-year-old Don Essig III, of Indianapolis—turned out to be the best of all. He is a sophomore at Louisiana State University, an institution of higher learning he selected "because you can play golf there every day in the year." He has been known to start the day with an hour or two of practice, play sixty-odd holes at various courses, and then putt for a while on the living-room rug before retiring. He makes his shots with the assurance of a veteran pro, and the way he played last week in the Publinx—as the event has come to be known—which was held at the Hershey Park Golf Club, in Hershey, Pennsylvania, was a first-rate lesson in shrewd course analysis.

The Hershey Park layout is only a little over six thousand yards long, but it's extraordinarily tricky. On six holes, the out-of-bounds markers are perilously close to the fairway, and a wandering stream that may well be the most meandering stretch of water anywhere offers the incautious or inept player more than a dozen opportunities for penalty strokes. As I recall it, Essig was never out of bounds in his eight match-play rounds, and the only time he hit the water was not because of an error in judgment but because his ball was buried in a sand trap, and all he could do was blast at it and pray. Three holes—the third, twelfth, and thirteenth—are good examples of how he made the course work for him. All are short par 4s that can be reached with a drive and a wedge, but the fairways are narrow and they all have that stream curling along one side. Most of Essig's opponents played wooden clubs from the tee on those holes, but he sacrificed distance for accuracy, settling for an iron, and on several occasions this strategy paid off handsomely. The most important of these occurred in his quarter-final match with the defending champion, James Buxbaum, a General

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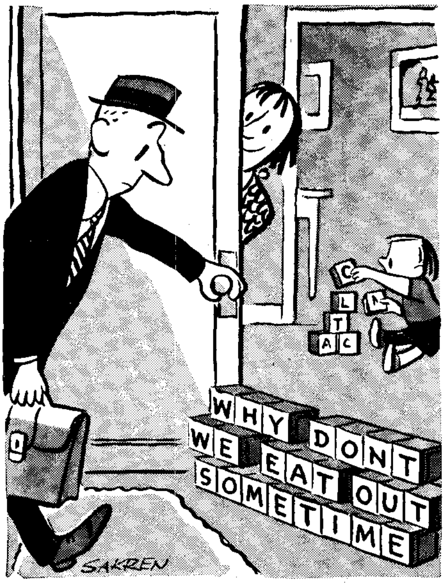
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Electric salesman from Memphis. On the twelfth, Essig hit an iron down the middle, for a distance of perhaps two hundred yards, leaving himself a five- or six-iron approach shot. Buxbaum took a driver, and his ball sailed fifty yards beyond Essig's, but it sliced into the stream, and the penalty stroke gave Essig the hole. Since the issue was finally decided on the nineteenth, that drive, in retrospect, was obviously a crucial one. It was, incidentally, the best match of the tournament. Both players were under par for the eighteen, and Essig had a five-foot putt for a birdie 3 on the nineteenth when Buxbaum anticlimactically put his second shot out of bounds. Essig won his semifinal with a 4-and-3 defeat of Donald Sckrabulis, a boiler-factory employee from Kewanee, Illinois, and he took the final by scoring a 6-and-5 win over Gene Towry, of Dallas, a graduate student in electrical engineering at Southern Methodist.

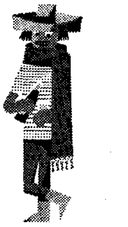
EXCEPT, possibly, for the Junior Championship, the Publinx is the most democratic of all U.S.G.A. tournaments. Only players who have no affiliations with private clubs are eligible, and the entries—there were nearly two thousand this year—from municipal courses all over the country represent a greater variety of occupations, I'd guess, than those in any other tournament in the world. In the past, these have included detectives, bartenders, steelworkers, artists, writers, actors, bank tellers, members of the armed forces, barbers, doctors, dentists, chiropractors, clerks, elevator operators, and policemen. Brought together by their common interest, they are as cheerful, keen, and uninhibited a group as one could ask for. The galleries are, too, and this was especially noticeable this year, because Hershey is a really golf-minded community. Practically every able-bodied man, woman, and child in the area apparently plays. It's not hard to understand why, either, since the town has four courses—one of them just for children—to accommodate its population of less than seven thousand.

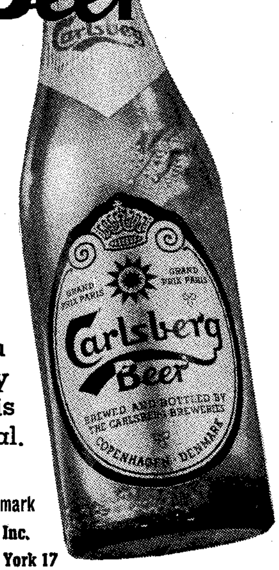
—P. W. W.

•

The civilised world will no doubt be glad to hear of the first widow-marriage which was celebrated in the town (Mangalore) on the 22nd instant according to the Bramho ritual. The parties belong to the Saraswat Brahmin caste and are very respectfully connected. The widow was a virgin. The bridegroom is a double graduate.—*Hindu Weekly Review.*

Did he win his letter?

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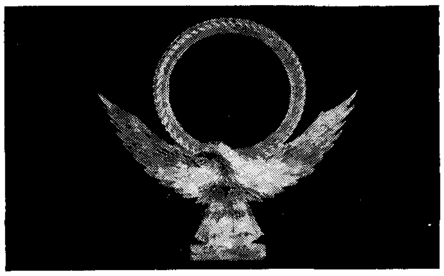
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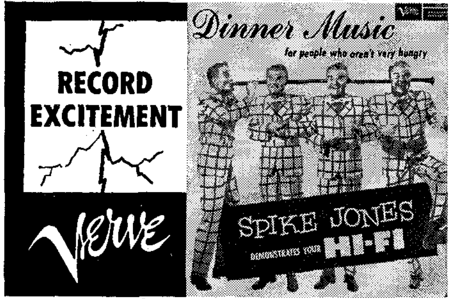

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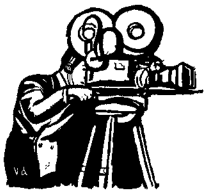

THERE'S a bit of French foolishness now on display called "The Light Across the Street," which concerns a truck driver who, as the result of an accident, has a cerebral condition that makes it dangerous for him to do anything more exciting than roll his eyes. Now, as it happens, this poor chap has a fiancée whose contours might give a Tensing pause, and under her stout persuasions he agrees to enter into some sort of platonic relationship with her. Our man is so nervous that a belt of Dubonnet or even a cigarette with twenty thousand filters might do him in, and—not surprisingly, since, as I forgot to tell you, the relationship also involves marriage—the girl in the deal gets to thinking that maybe her life isn't as full as it might be. Before long, she is giving the glad eye to a gas-station proprietor, who does his chores across the street from the restaurant she and her husband are attempting to run. The oily advances of this neighbor are supplemented by some competitive petrolic pawings from an assistant at the gas station, and in the long run the lady is pretty rumpled, particularly after she has taken a couple of furious rides on the motorcycle of the assistant's boss.

The automotively inclined Lady Chatterley in "The Light Across the Street" is played by Brigitte Bardot, whose endowments, although considerable, do not include any capacity for acting. As the unfortunate husband, Raymond Pellegrin is, as you might expect, morose, and the rest of the cast follows right along in his gloomy footsteps. For the record, this particular bit of flimflam was written by Jacques Gauthier and directed by Georges Lacombe. M. Gauthier compounded his error by producing the thing.

"PASSIONATE SUMMER," another French film, is an adaptation of a play called "Island of Goats," written by the late Ugo Betti. It has to do with the startling effect of a handsome wayfarer on a trio of impressionable women who live on a goat farm in the mountains of France. One of the ladies

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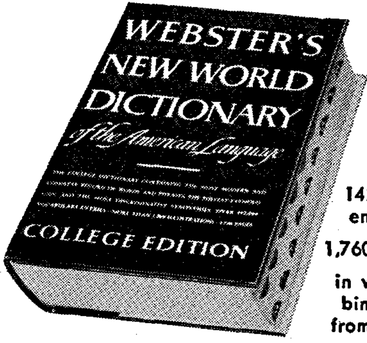

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Q. But what if I don't have much money to invest? *A. Tall oaks from little acorns grow.*

Q. Are *all* stocks good investments? *A. All that glisters is not gold.*

Q. Then how am I to decide where to invest my money? *A. Look before you leap.*

Q. Is it better to look for myself or to get some help? *A. Two heads are better than one.*

Q. Where can I get investment help? *A. There's no proverb that covers this, but there's—*

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is the widow of an old comrade-in-arms of the wayfarer's, another is her sister-in-law, and the third is the widow's adolescent daughter. All hands have a fiery time of it, but the movie is a murky affair, and the motivation of none of the characters is ever made entirely clear. However, the cast, which includes Raf Vallone, as the popular male; Madeleine Robinson, as the widow; Dany Carrel, as the daughter; and Magali Noel, as the sister-in-law, is worthy.

LAST week, in tandem, a pair of British films called "Value for Money" and "Out of the Clouds" came to town. The first deals with a chap (John Gregson) who is wild about Diana Dors, and the second with some hanky-panky at a London airport. Mr. Gregson's pursuit of Miss Dors is expensive, and the drama at the airport is something that has been done to death since back when everybody in Hollywood got together for "Grand Hotel."

—JOHN McCARTEN

•

This conviction for first degree murder is reversed and the case is remanded to the District Court for a new trial. Judges Edgerton, Bazelon, Fahy, Washington and Burger vote for reversal. Judges Prettyman, Wilbur K. Miller, Danaher and Bastian vote for affirmance. Judge Bazelon files an opinion in which Judges Edgerton, Fahy and Washington concur, and in Part I of which Judges Prettyman and Burger concur. Judge Fahy files an opinion in which Judges Edgerton, Bazelon and Washington concur. Judge Burger concurs in the result reached by the majority for the reasons expressed in Judge Fahy's opinion. Judge Bastian files a dissenting opinion in which Judges Prettyman, Wilbur K. Miller and Danaher concur.—*United States Court of Appeals decision.*

Luckily, murder will out.

•

CONGRATULATIONS, ED

Ed Sullivan, one of our Broadway columnists, runs a TV show which is highly successful and which last Sunday evening celebrated its ninth anniversary on the air.

The celebration was cattily clawed over and damned with faint praise yesterday by an alleged television and radio critic calling himself Crosby or Crosley or something, who has before now given many a sign of a belly-burning dislike for Mr. Sullivan.

Well, Ed, congratulations. As the latest rescuer of Little Orphan Annie (who herself is rather frequently sniped at by self-styled intellectuals) observed yesterday: "Dull people always mistrust and fear the brilliant ones."—*Editorial in the News.*

We'll bet this Crosley can't even describe the brilliant new Mirkary.

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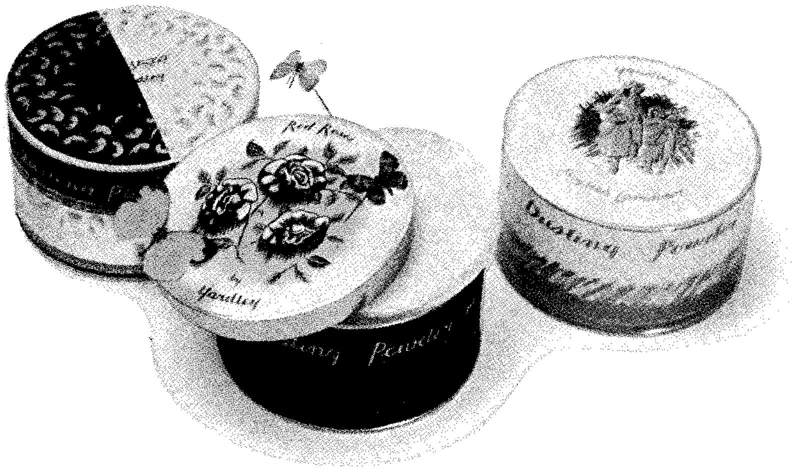

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